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St. Dominic's Story
and
Other Tales

By John M. Miller

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Miller

1854

A DRUM'S STORY

AND

OTHER TALES

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BY

DELANVAN S. MILLER

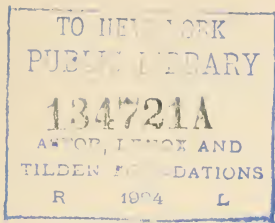
AUTHOR OF "DRUM TAPS IN DIXIE"



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By DELAVAN S. MILLER

*This volume
I gratefully dedicate
to*

MY WIFE

*My severest Critic; my most willing Helper
To whose Faith, Courage and Cheerfulness
I owe more than
I could declare in many volumes*

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A Drum's Story

A Drum's Story

I AM a drum, an old army drum. My once shiny sides are battle-scarred and dimmed with age. My heads, once so spotlessly white, are patched and discolored with the dust of long marches, the smoke of camp fires and burning powder. My ears have been pulled and twisted all out of shape, too.

The little lad who carried me, and merrily twirled the sticks that beat my head, brought me back from Dixie and has tenderly cared for me all these long years.

The reveries of an old drum must be much pleasanter than those of an old army musket.

Drums never hurt anybody in war, but think of the suffering that guns have caused.

If I could only talk, what thrilling tales I could tell—scenes of the battlefield not recorded by the historians, deeds of individual heroism, of unselfishness, of loyalty, of hardships and privations that are unknown except to those who have lived through them.

A drum has but one eye, but that is never closed,

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and it is blessed with numerous ears which are always listening.

And then what jolly companions the drums had!

What happy-go-lucky, free-from-care youngsters the lads were who beat the drums. They saw all the fun of the thing, had unbounded enthusiasm, were tireless, fearless, enjoyed the pomp and glitter of military life, and were little affected by the horrors of war. So I say that an old army drum has far more pleasant memories than sad ones.

Although I am now old and rusty looking, I was once the most beautiful drum in a fine music store on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington.

It was in the early days of the great Civil War and as I sat there in a glass case I could hear the tramping of soldiers as they marched down the avenue keeping step to fife and drum.

Didn't it excite me, though? And I wondered if I should ever be carried at the head of a regiment on the march or in battle.

MY BOY APPEARS.

One day there walked into the store an officer leading by the hand a little lad, the smallest soldier boy that I had ever seen.

He was prettily dressed in a uniform that had been made to fit him, and his dark blue jacket was ornamented with a profusion of gold braid and brass buttons.

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A drum was wanted, the officer said, "The best in the store."

The clerk handed me out with two or three others. I was all of a quiver. The boy tapped my head with a pair of ebony sticks. I responded in my best tones. The boy was delighted and would not try the others. The officer paid the price asked for me and that is how I entered the army.

I went with them to their Virginia camp, and oh, what a wonderful sight to see so many soldiers. I knew that thousands and thousands had passed through Washington, but I had not dreamed that there was such a host of them as we found encamped across the Potomac.

In every direction the fields were dotted with the little white tents that sheltered them. Every hillside was seamed with rifle pits and the muzzles of cannon looked frowningly through earthworks that had been thrown up by soldiers who a few months before had known nothing of the arts of war.

Our regiment occupied a large fort near Fairfax Seminary. The position was a commanding one, and from its ramparts one could look upon the camps of scores of infantry regiments as well as of cavalry and batteries of artillery.

That night the candles in the tents of the soldiers twinkled like thousands of little stars, and the music of bands was heard in every direction.

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Tattoo was sounded at 9 o'clock, soon followed by "Lights out," and then all was silent save the occasional challenge of the sentries, and the neighing of horses.

THE LONG ROLL.

My initiation into the service began that very night. Along about 12 o'clock the orderly sergeant came to our tent and ordered an alarm sounded, and a little boy all unused to war, but who was no novice with the drum, slung me over his shoulders and stood out on the parade ground and rattled off, as for dear life, the "Long roll" while hundreds of men came tumbling out of their tents and hurried to man the guns in the forts.

It was one of Moseby's raids on a cavalry camp near by. Some horses were captured and the pickets fired a few shots after the daring Confederates as they sped away.

THE REVEILLE*

Light on the morning hills. The reveillé
Thrills,—like an echo of Eternity
Along its echoing slopes and listening lake
Crying "Awake!"

Awake! The sentient bugle breathed the word,
The sleeping soldier, instant waking, heard;
And no one knoweth what dear faces there,
What winning battles, what unspoken prayer
Slipped from his dreaming sense reluctantly,
When sounded Reveillé.

*Philo Butler Bowman in *Youth's Companion*.

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Awake! Upon the balance of today
Swings, tremulous, a nation's destiny.
Today, and men will drink the cause of Right,
And Gods, to fear, will marshall for the fight.
Today and Love will write her name in blood
On holy ground, where late a soldier stood.
But some will wake in joy, to victory
When next sounds Reveillé.

Tomorrow, and upon his comrades' face
A shadow. In the ranks a vacant place.
His Colors wrapped about him,—the "Amen"
Of sounding "Taps",—a sob, perhaps,—And then
Beyond our ken, sweet Christ, for thy dear sake,
Bid him "Awake!"

Light on the morning hills: we cannot know
What hopes his life, reluctant to forego
Yielded before that call,—what blinded eyes
Weep for his fall. God show them in the skies,
The Eternal dawn! But this we know,—that he
Woke, glad, at Reveillé.

Light on the Eternal hills. The Reveillé
Rings from the borders of Eternity
To bless the heart's rejoicing, soothe its ache
Crying "Awake!"

The reveille is sounded at break of day and is the soldier's awakening. It is a disturber of pleasant dreams. It is a call to duty. It bids the soldier come forth and be a man.

The reveille is a lively performance of ten or fifteen minutes and the drummer boys, fifers and buglers vie with each other in seeing who can make the most noise.

I will never forget my first morning in camp.

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It being our first reveille and my drummer boy being the first one that the regiment had, naturally felt a little timid and he modestly suggested that we let some one else "lead off."

The first to break the stillness of the early morn was a bugler of the Harris Light Cavalry down near Cloud's mill. His bugle notes were low and sweet at first like the twittering of a song bird chirping good morning to its mate.

A response comes from the trumpeter of the Havelock battery and the two race with each other as their bugle tones get clearer and stronger.

Then Gracey, our Gracey of the 2d Heavy, who was the most wonderful bugler in the whole army of the Potomac, and who later was chosen to sound the charge for 20,000 troops at Cold Harbor, because his bugle calls could be heard farther than others, came out on the parade ground and putting his silver trumpet to his lips there issued forth a sound as if the birds of all the hillsides and valley had burst forth in joyous song, and then a sweet, glad call went far across the Virginia valley, and to the very tops of the hills beyond.

Then the drummer boys of General Phil Kearney's Jersey Brigade in camp at the foothills let us know that they were there as they execute the "Three Camps" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The Irish lads of General Thomas Francis

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Meagher's brigade take a hand in and the strains of "Shamus O'Bryne" and "Kathleen Mavoureen" get mixed up with "Nelly was a Lady" and "Oh Susannah Don't You Cry For Me," which seem to be favorites with the Pennsylvania brigade.

The boys of the 7th Indiana rattle off "John Anderson My Joe," "Yankee Doodle" and "Get Out of the Way, Old Dan Tucker," while the bagpipers of the Scottish Highlanders reel off "Annie Laurie" and "The Campbells are Coming, Hurrah, Hurrah."

By this time a score or more of martial bands and as many buglers have joined in the melee and the fresh morning air is full of deafening melodies. The camps are alive. Another day is ushered in. A day with its routine of duties, of joys and sorrows, of hopes, of sickness of—maybe death to many.

SERGEANT JACK FARLEY.

In chronicling the events of my first experiences in camp life there is revived in memory an actor whom I deem worthy of a place in my memoirs and I therefore pause in my story and will introduce him to the reader right here.

We will call him Sergeant Jack Farley although he did not bear that name on the rolls.

He had seen service abroad in the Queen's Foot, and was a fine type of a soldier, about five feet

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ten, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, plenty of good hard flesh and red blood that colored his face to a deep ruddy hue.

He came to our tent one night after dress parade and said to my drummer boy: "Say, my lad, if you'll pardon an old drummer boy's impertinence, I'd like to offer a bit of criticism about your drummin'."

"I was born in sight of a camp where my father was a soldier, an' as soon as I was big enough to carry a drum I was put on the rolls of my father's regiment.

"Now the particular thing I notice about your drummin'—an' I've been watching you closely at guard mountings and dress parades—is that your drum sticks go skipping around all over the nice white head of your beautiful drum. 'Tis all wrong, my boy, an' would not have been allowed when I was handling the sticks.

"Why, when I was a drum major an' a boy wanted to join the corps I used to take a pint cup, place it on the head of a drum, draw a line around it with a pencil, an' if the lad made a mark on the drum head outside that he surely heard some loud talking by Jack Farley, an' after a few lessons if he couldn't keep his sticks in the center of his drum head he had to go look up another job.

"Now I was going to propose to you that you come over in the ravine back of the cook's tent

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tomorrow afternoon an' I'll give you a few lessons that may help you."

At the appointed time and place we met, and the sergeant was certainly a marvel with the drum sticks. He beat the "long roll" with a smoothness that almost equalled the running water of a meadow brook.

He imitated the roar of musketry in battle and cut up all sorts of caperinos, throwing the sticks in the air, putting in flourishes and frills that were truly wonderful.

At the close of his exhibition my owner said: "Sergeant I have lost heart after witnessing your skill. I'll go ask the captain to detail me for company clerk or some other light service."

Sergeant Jack laughed and then said some kind words to the little drummer boy as he patted him on the shoulder; and from that time a warm attachment sprang up between the old British soldier and his young pupil, who certainly improved in skill under the tutorship of the ex-drum major.

Later when a full drum corps was being organized for the regiment, and it was suggested to the Sergeant that he be their instructor and leader, he said to his young admirer: "Say not a word about it my boy. The beating of drums is for young lads like you. I served my time at it and graduated long ago. When I was 18 years old I threw my drum sticks an' baton away an'

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said to myself, 'Jack Farley you're a man now an' must take your place in the ranks with the men.' There I've been since an' there I'll serve my time; but laddie, next to the green flag of old Ireland there's nothing that warms my Irish heart more than a lively, well executed performance on a drum, but it does grieve me though to see the boys of the 69th Irish with their caps setting jauntily on the sides of their heads an' leading such a fine regiment out on parade to the tune of Rory O' More an' their drum sticks battering the whole surface of their drum heads. So my boy, I'll watch you from the ranks, and remember that Jack Farley is taking a lively interest in you."

A few months later the sergeant came to our tent one evening and handed my drummer boy a solid gold ring, requesting him to wear it as a token of his esteem and friendship.

After this there were long marches and fierce battles. The sergeant often carried part of the load of the drummer boy on the march, and the boy more than once took to the sergeant on the front line a canteen of fresh water.

THE SERGEANT'S LAST MARCH.

One hot day in June, 1864, 10,000 men were stretched out on the ground at Cold Harbor. All went down in the space of an hour in the early morning.

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A drummer boy was bathing the fevered brow of a mortally wounded soldier.

The dying man looked into the face of the boy and said something as follows:

"Say, laddie, Jack Farley's going on a long march, but don't think he's afraid. He may be a bit rough but he never knowingly injured one of his fellow men, an' I don't believe the great captain of all will be too hard on an old soldier, so my boy when the grand muster takes place on the other side, keep a good lookout for the old sergeant."

Yes, a bit roughened, perhaps, but a brave soldier, and 'neath his old army shirt there had breathed a warm, true Irish heart.

Yes, I was the first drum carried at the head of the 2d New York Heavy Artillery. I was with them at Bull Run and up and down and across Virginia until Appomattox.

I led them in the grand review at Washington and was carried down the line with the tattered battleflags of the regiment when muskets were stacked for the last time.

It was a wonderful experience, and it all seems so far away that I sometimes wonder if I am the same beautiful drum that was once on exhibition in the elegant music store on the far-famed Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington!

I can hardly believe my own eyes for to-day I

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had a real good look at myself and to say that I was surprised puts it mildly.

ATTIC TREASURES.

Some of the children of my old companion, friend and owner—no sir, come to think, it is his grand children—have been playing in the attic to-day, where my cozy corner is, for the rain is pouring down and they had to play in the house. And this attic is the most wonderful place with its little dormer windows and the winding stairway that leads to the big, roomy room, where are so many treasures that money could not purchase. Not of great money value to others are these treasures, but priceless to their owners.

There are little beds. Some were the children's years ago. Dolls' beds, too. Little cradles, tables, chairs, jumping ropes, carts, sleds, galloping horses, hoops with bells on, skates, and trunks and boxes full of wonderful old dolls and dishes. Clothes that are so queer in shape that they always cause shouts of laughter when they are donned by the little grand-children who come up here to play house-keeping.

Close by my side hangs another drum. It is a little drum, and its sides are just as shiny. Its head as white and clean as ever. Its ears straight; but now and then it seems to me its eye is dim and full of tears. This always happens after my owner or his good wife have been up here

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and have patted the little drum as they always do.

"My baby's drum," they say, and that brings to memory the touch of little white hands that were just learning to beat its head when the angels whispered to the little boy and he went away, leaving the little drum, and the blue soldier cap "like papa's."

The grand-children never ask to take the little drum. They look at it and say, "it was our little Uncle's drum, and if we played on it, it would make grandpa and grandma very, very sad."

To-day in arranging the attic for house-keeping some of the children placed an old mirror just at the right angle for me to behold myself. Goodness! what a change has come over me in 45 years. I wonder the children are not almost afraid of me. But no, the darlings are not. I am to them grandpa's beautiful big drum that he used to carry when he went off to a really, truly war with the soldier men.

And they tell their little friends how grandpa used to wake the soldiers up every morning playing on my head. What wonderful big battles I have been in, and how tired grandpa used to get carrying me on the long marches when the soldiers were hurrying to some other battle. For grandpa then was just a little boy like Albert and Richard.

Well, of course everything changes and I suppose I must with the rest. I am battle-scarred

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like the rest of the old veterans. My head was once pierced by a piece of shell, and of course had to be patched. If I had been a boy they would have called it trepanning, but with a drum 'tis just a plain patch.

I have been shampooed so many times that my head refuses to give up any more of its dirt. It is black, blue, brown and blood-stained, which won't come off. Of course with my one eye I can see just as well as ever, or I should not have seen how bad I did look in the old looking glass. And perhaps the old glass is not just as good as it was once and made me look worse than I really do. But I have been through enough of real war to make anything look old and rusty.

As I sit and think of the past there is much comes to mind that I would like to tell the boys and girls—yes, the men and women of the present time “lest they forget,” for people are so thoughtless that they take every blessing of this glorious land of ours, its righteous government, its prosperity, its blessings of schools and churches for everybody; and then the blessed privilege of every man a king and every woman a queen of this greatest and most glorious of all nations as just a happenstance. But it has all cost so much, yet how few even think of it.

The old soldier with an empty sleeve, or minus a leg; the man an invalid for years because of hardships endured or wounds received on the bat-

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field; the thousands of graves on the hillsides and in the valleys mean nothing to so many, and yet but for all these things this land of ours would not be what it is to-day.

I know the old motto, "The things of to-day are the history of tomorrow." All true, even an old drum can understand that. But don't forget the days that were before yesterday.

Oh, there are so many things I want to talk about, but the children are putting away the play-things; are going to leave me alone again, and I cannot think so well when they are gone. It's lonely, I do hope they will think to put away the old mirror. I don't want to look at myself any more to-day.

A Veteran and His Grandchildren

A Veteran and His Grandchildren

ANOTHER Memorial Day parade was over, and a tired veteran sat on the porch of his home looking fondly at a beautiful American flag waving across the front lawn. He had learned to love that flag when he was but a small boy.

Beth, Betty, Albert and Richard, four little grand-children, were playing with an old drum—a real war drum, but the grandfather scarcely saw or heard them. He was thinking of other days, of other scenes.

Beth, the eldest of the four said: "Let's have grandpa tell us about when he was a little boy and went off to a big war where there were lots of soldiers, an' real pistols, an' sabres, an' big cannon, an' bands, an' drums, an' little drummer boys that didn't have any mamas to take care of them when they were sick, or tuck them up in bed at night an' hear their prayers."

The two youngest of the grand-children crawled up on the veteran's lap and snuggled close to his breast. The veteran ran his fingers fondly through

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the little one's tresses and remained thoughtfully silent.

With childish impatience the little ones reminded grandpa that they were waiting for their story.

"Yes it is true that the drummer boys didn't have their mamas to take care of them, but it is more than probable that a large majority of the drummer boys, who took part in the war, were there because they didn't have any mamas at home."

"Didn't you, grandpa?"

"No darlings, my mother kissed me good bye for the last time and fell asleep when I was but two or three years older than Beth, and less than two years later I saw my father riding away with a company of volunteers for the war."

"Didn't I want to go too?"

"Well you may be sure that I did. Being left behind when my father was going to the war was about the keenest disappointment that had crossed my young life.

"My father had been a drum major in the Militia before the war and had taught me to handle the sticks fairly well.

"I had attended one 'general training' with him and the showy uniforms, the music, the prancing horses fairly bewitched me, and from that day I was possessed with an ambition to be a soldier.

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"Ah, how little I then thought that my dream would so soon be realized.

"It was but a little more than a year when Fort Sumter was fired upon and the sound of fife and drum was heard in every village and hamlet rallying the young men to the war meetings where eloquent speakers urged them to enlist to defend the Stars and Stripes.

"I beat a drum at many pole raisings and patriotic gatherings and almost imagined that I was a volunteer myself, but when my father went away with a company I was told that I was quite too small for a soldier.

"But I did not give up the idea of being one, and a few months later when the captain of my father's company came home on a visit I begged so hard for him to let me go back with him that he could not refuse me, although I recall that he said more than once that he did not know what he could do with one so small.

"Did your papa know that you were coming, grandpa?"

"No children, you may be sure that he did not. A more surprised man never lived than he was the afternoon I followed the captain into the fort where the soldiers were drilling with the big cannon, and the officer taking me to my father said: 'Sergeant I hope you will forgive me for bringing your boy to you, but possibly he will be better off here with you than at home without a

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mother. Then like a tender hearted man that he was, he placed a hand on my head and said 'If anything should happen to you Sergeant, I'll take good care of the little lad.'

"What a nice captain," said little Richard, as he nestled up closer to grandpa.

"Yes, he was a nice captain to your grandpa, and was as kind and considerate with him as if he had been his own little boy, but a soldier is a soldier no matter if he is little or big, and after I had been regularly enrolled, uniformed and had gotten my drum I was expected to obey orders and perform my duties the same as any other soldier."

"Did they have soldier clothes to fit little boys, grandpa?"

Grandpa laughed as he made answer:

"Say children, you ought to have seen me in my first uniform with the coat sleeves hanging down over my hands, my trousers with three or four reefs in them and hanging like potato sacks around my little legs. And then the Government shoes, 'brogans,' the boys used to call them, there was room for both of my little feet in one of the smallest the quartermaster had. But a camp tailor soon altered the clothes, putting a lot of red braid and brass buttons all over the front of the jacket and I was prouder than any peacock when dressed in my new uniform I led our company out on the parade ground, tapping the

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time for the soldiers on the head of a beautiful drum which the officers had presented me.”

“If there is another war I’ll bet you I’ll be in it,” said little Albert. “Did they have pie, sugar cookies an’ other good things for the drummer boys to eat grandpa?”

This question caused the veteran a heartier laugh than before, and then he replied:

“The lads who carried the drums got the same to eat that the rest of the soldiers did, and I can assure you that Uncle Sam didn’t furnish the boys in blue any hot biscuits, cookies, fried cakes and pumpkin pie such as everybody’s mother makes. And let me tell you little ones that the craving for sweets was about as great a hardship to us lads as any we had to undergo.

“Every pay day we used to stuff ourselves with fried pies, ginger snaps, sardines, raisins and other goodies that the sutlers had to sell. Still I will say that when we were in camp and the cooking was done for the men that the cooks were very kind to your grandpa. Uncle Hawley, our cook, was fond of children and was very good to me. He always saved me a tender piece of meat, gave me an extra spoonful of sugar in my coffee and when I had chills and fever would wrap me in his blanket and let me sit in the cook’s tent by the fire, make me toast, and tell me funny stories to cheer me up. He was a most fascinating story teller, a witty, cheerful old chap that meas-

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ured only about five feet, four inches up and down, but was nearly as big around the waist as he was tall. He was a right jolly old fellow like Santa Claus only he didn't wear whiskers. The Johnnies captured Uncle Hawley at the second battle of Bull Run, but Stonewall Jackson after looking him over concluded that he would be something of an elephant on their hands and ordered him paroled and sent back to the Union lines.

"We were not always blessed with as good a cook as Uncle Hawley, or one that was as cleanly in the performance of his culinary duties.

"It was while Hawley was absent in the parole camp that one was serving as cook about whom there was much complaint. Matters were brought to a climax one night by an Irishman who made bold to say to the captain as we were about breaking ranks after dress parade.

"'Cap'n might I be permitted to file a complaint against our cook?'"

"'What is it, Mike?'" said the officer.

"'Well, sir,'" says Mike, "I think it bad enough for him to boil his shirts and trousers in the same kettles that he makes tay and coffee in, but when it comes to taking a bath in the tub that he washes our potatoes in, I kick."

"Grandpa, did you ever shoot a Reb?"

"No, little darling. Thank God, I have not got that on my conscience. Indeed I don't believe that I ever pointed a loaded gun at a fellow be-

And Other Tales

ing. The drummer boys were not armed with anything but a slender, straight sword which was forever getting tangled up with our little legs. We called them 'toad stabbers,' and used them to toast bacon and hard tack before the camp fires."

"What is it inside of your old drum that makes a noise, grandpa?" said Richard.

"Nothing laddie. It is but an empty shell, over each end of which is stretched a piece of tough skin, yet if I but tap the head of the drum, with a stick, a voice responds from within, and if I were to exercise myself on its head with two sticks it would give forth throbbing sounds that would thrill thousands of soldiers as it did so many, many times in the long ago.

"You notice those cords stretched across one of the heads. Well those are called snares and they enact a lively performance on one head while the drum sticks are beating the other.

"There was one peculiarity about my drum that I must mention. There seemed to be a wave of vibrant harmony between one of the snares of my drum and the report of a cannon, even though it was many miles away. As strange as it may seem it is nevertheless true that I have lain on the ground with my ear close to my drum and have had it give me the noise of conflict which could not be heard in any other manner.

"If I slip my handkerchief under the snares,

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the drum will give forth a wailing sound. This is called muffling a drum which is always done when the drums play at a soldier's funeral.

"The first time that I muffled my drum was to escort the remains of one of our drummer boys to his last resting place near Arlington, Virginia.

"It was a sad duty that we had to perform, for we all loved little Jimmie—He had been so gentle and pure, and seemed so unsuited to take a part in cruel war that perhaps the angels called him home for that reason.

"He had the surgeon send for his comrades of the drum corps when he knew that the end was near, and we stood at 'parade rest' while Harry Marshall, our drum major, read the beautiful words of the 23rd Psalm as tears trickled down our cheeks.

"We gave him a soldier's burial the next Sabbath and then went back to camp playing a lively quickstep, which seemed quite heartless to my young mind."

"I'll be a drummer too, when I go to war," said Albert.

"I'm afraid you won't get a chance my little warrior bold, for martial music seems to be going out of fashion now-a-days.

"I am told that the wise army boards, sitting in upholstered chairs at Washington, and imagining that they know all about war, have banished fifes and drums from the army. 'Tis a shame!

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They have been heard in every camp and upon all the battlefields of the world. What inspiration they furnished the Patriots at Lexington and Bunker Hill? How they cheered the boys in blue and lightened their loads on the long marches through the South. No music is comparable to that of martial music for a marching column. Maybe though, if they have a real genuine war again they'll have the lads and their drums back."

"You didn't have any 'Rough Riders' in that war, did you, grandpa?"

"Didn't we though. Rough Riders, as well as rough fighters. When you get older you'll be thrilled as you read about Phil Sheridan's ride at Winchester, and about the dashing Custer, the gallant Kilpatrick, Generals Gregg, Crook, Wilson, Kautz, Merritt, Grierson, Stoneman the raider, Pleasanton and other famous cavalry leaders on the Union side.

"The Confederates had equally as gallant Riders on their side. The names of Fitzhugh Lee, Wade Hampton, Stuart, Joe Wheeler, Morgan, Moseby, Imboden and others are mentioned in connection with all the important events of those stirring days; and we all rejoice that Lee and Wheeler fought again under the Stars and Stripes in the Spanish War."

"But you didn't have 'Teddy.'"

"No, but I'm sure he would have taken a hand in it if he had been around."

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"Why did you call your soldiers the 'boys in blue,' grandpa?"

"I suppose it was because they wore blue clothes and that there might be no mistake and shoot the wrong man. The Confederates wore gray clothes. So we speak of the soldiers of the two armies as the blue and the gray.

"But, grandpa, the soldiers don't wear blue clothes now."

"No, they wear an olive drab affair that is a cross between a cowboy's outfit and bicycle togs. It may be serviceable but there isn't a suggestion of appropriateness about the outfit, and no poet will ever be inspired to write a song by seeing the soldiers rigged out in such an unmilitary uniform.

"The boys that Lincoln loved; the stern fighters of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, consecrated the blue uniform on hundreds of battlefields and it should not be laid aside, at least until the long drawn notes of 'taps' are blown over the graves of the last survivor of the fighting legions of the sixties."

Lincoln and Tad

Lincoln and Tad

“**G**RANDPA, tell us about Lincoln and his little boy and the big review of soldiers when the bands played, the flags waved, and the horses pranced.”

“Ah,” said the veteran, “how well I remember the event. It was a red letter day in my young life. I had been in camp but a few weeks and had hardly gotten my new drum broken in when it was announced on dress parade one night that the President would visit the forts the next day and review the troops south of the Potomac.

“That night there was a general slicking up around camp. Guns and equipment were cleaned, brasses polished, knapsacks packed and everything made ready for the morrow.

“The drummer boys polished up their drums and after reveille the next morning put in more than an hour practicing ‘Hail to the Chief.’

“The review took place on a large field north of our fort. The infantry massed on one side, the cavalry and artillery on the other.

“My, but it was a pretty sight when they rode on the field and down the lines of the troops.

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"The President was accompanied by some of his cabinet and many distinguished officers with their aides.

"They were resplendent in bright, new uniforms, profusely trimmed with gold braid, brass buttons as well as shining epaulets on their shoulders, and they mostly wore plumed hats which made them look quite dashing.

"In marked contrast to the officers the President wore a plain black suit over which was a long linen duster.

"He had on a tall stove pipe hat and with his long legs dangling loosely at the sides of his horse, and his trousers hunched up on his boot legs, he was anything but a military figure.

"It mattered not though to the boys in blue. They loved 'Uncle Abe,' as they called him, and as he rode down the lines the soldiers greeted him with cheers which brought smiles to his careworn face.

"Doubtless those cheers seemed to say to him: 'You're all right Uncle Abe, go ahead and do right, and we'll stand by you to the last man.'

"After the President and the generals had inspected the troops they took position at one side of the field, and we marched in review with the drums beating, the bugles blowing, the bands playing and the colors flying.

"I used to think that a circus parade was about the most entrancing sight imaginable, but after

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I saw the thousands and thousands of soldiers marching that day in all the pomp and panoply of war, with their bayonets and sabres glistening in the sunlight, I was thrilled as I had never been before, and the memory of it makes my blood run quicker to-day."

"But some of the soldiers got killed, didn't they grandpa?"

"Yes, my dears, that is the dark side of the picture that I have just tried to paint for you, and it makes me sad to think how many of those that took part in the review that day gave up their lives after that. Doubtless hundreds and hundreds of them were just buried in the trenches after the big battles with not a thing to mark their resting places."

"Say, grandpa, don't forget to tell us about Lincoln's little boy."

"No, little ones, I'm coming to that now.

"After the review was over the President and party inspected the fortifications in the vicinity. Our fort was one of the largest and most important in the line of defenses south of the Potomac and was equipped with a variety of cannon such as 24, 42, 64 and 100 pounders, also mortars and what was then quite a curiosity, some English, breech-loading steel guns. The party were anxious to see these, and have them tested in their presence.

"When President Lincoln entered the fort he

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was leading by the hand his little son, Tad, and he kept very close to his father during the firing of the cannon, but when the party passed out of the fort, and the troops presented arms, and the fifers and drummers played 'Hail to the Chief,' Tad pulled his papa around near the drum corps and after we had finished our performance the President asked many of the lads questions concerning their names, age, home life, etc.

"In response to an inquiry of his father, Tad said that he should like to be a drummer boy, too.

"Lincoln smiled, and then the great big, lovable and tender hearted man bade the youngsters good bye and said that he should pray that they might go through the war in safety.

"It was but a few weeks before that he had been crushed almost to the earth because the great Commander of all had called home one of his own little boys."

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!"

The Defenses of Washington

The Defenses of Washington

“**W**ON’T you take us to Washington sometime, grandpa, and show us the forts where you used to be?”

“How I should love to do it children, and how much I should like to see them once again myself, but they are nothing but a memory. Time and the elements have nearly obliterated the huge earthworks that were considered of so much importance during the war. When you get older you will probably visit Washington, and of course will go over to Arlington.

“During the war no one could cross the river without a pass from some one high in authority, but no sentry is on guard now, ‘all is quiet on the Potomac.’

“If I am not with you go by the way of Georgetown and the Aqueduct bridge.

“Near the south end on the road to Arlington, you will notice a little settlement of colored people. Their church and homes are nearly on the site of a fort that was your grand-

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father's home for over a year. It was called Fort Haggerty in honor of Major Haggerty of the 69th New York, whose men constructed it.

"Up on the hill to the right was Fort Corcoran, so called after the colonel of this gallant Irish regiment. Our regimental headquarters were there for a long time, and on a level plateau south was where Colonel Whistler drilled us day after day in the broiling sun until the 2d Heavy became one of the best drilled regiments in the service.

"Colonel Whistler was a Regular Army officer who stood six feet, two inches in his stockings, had a peppery temperament, and a voice like a lion, and when anything didn't go to suit him there would issue from his mouth, as from a rapid firing gun, words that were highly charged with sulphur and brimstone.

"Arlington, the grand old home of Robert E. Lee, was not over half a mile from Fort Corcoran, and when I re-enlisted I was sworn into the service in the old dining room of the mansion where many a gay party had assembled in days past.

"Arlington was flanked by many of the most formidable forts in the line of defenses south of the Potomac. If the Confederates had made an attempt to capture Washington from the south side of the Potomac the attack would doubtless have been made in the vicinity of Arlington. If they could have planted a few batteries on the

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heights they could have riddled the city with shot and shell in a few hours.

“Out on the Ballston road five or six miles from Fort Corcoran is Munson’s hill which the Confederates occupied early in the war and the Confederate flag flying there could be seen from the dome of the Capitol.

“We have been reading of late much about the Wright brothers and the tests of their flying machine at Fort Meyer, Va. This fort is near the site of old Fort Corcoran and was originally called Fort Whipple in honor of a gallant officer who gave his life for the Union. Our regiment did much of the construction work of the old fort.

“It seems almost too bad that the defenses of Washington could not have been preserved as monuments to commemorate the pluck, endurance and intelligence of American soldiers.

“The magnitude of the forts and earthworks has seldom been equalled in war, and what was most wonderful they were built by young men from schools, farms, stores, shops, law and medical schools who, a few months before, had not even known or thought of the a, b, c’s of the science of war.

“The forts had to be built rain or shine, trenches dug, abattis placed for additional defenses, wells dug, roads and bridges built, and then the men who garrisoned the forts must know everything pertaining to one—all the dif-

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ferent classes of cannon; the old smooth bores, 24, 42, 64 and 100 pounders, brass Napoleons, Whitworth steel breech loaders, mortars, howitzers, parrot and Rodman guns; also the different kinds of shell, sharpnel, hand grenades, grape and cannister and other incidentals. And then the 'Heavies' had to learn all the infantry tactics. There were battalion drills, reviews, skirmish drills with learning to load and fire a musket while lying in the Virginia mud. And let me tell you that the sacred soil was very soft at times as well as tenacious. Why when one tried to pull his foot out of the sticky stuff there was a noise like that of a suction pump when the water is exhausted. But the boys of '61 conquered the Virginia mud and rapidly developed into the most perfect specimens of soldiers that the world has ever known; and all in spite of the fact that a large percentage of the officers in the early part of the war were incompetent and unfit for their positions. They had won their commissions by political wire pulling at Washington, and it was invariably the case that this class of officers were given to putting on airs and showing off their authority over men who outranked them in patriotism, intelligence and morals.

"One of this kind of officers on inspection one day said to a bright young fellow: 'Your musket is not as shining as it ought to be.' 'I know it

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sir,' he replied, 'we have been too busy of late polishing our spades building the forts.'

"Many slurs have been cast on the Heavy artillery regiments for the 'soft' thing that they were supposed to have had in the forts around Washington, but if they had rendered the Nation no other service they might well feel a just pride in that.

"The fact remains, however, that the Johnnies didn't capture Washington although they repeatedly promised their friends that they were going to do that little job.

"But in addition to building the forts and guarding the Nation's Capitol the 'Heavies' later made a record at the front that placed many of them high on the honor roll of the fighting regiments."

Story of the Second Bull Run

Story of the Second Bull Run

“**T**ELL us about a big battle, grandpa.”
“Yes, tell us about Bull Run where the Johnnies made you skiddo,” added little Albert.

“Well, children there was some pretty lively sprinting there, sure enough. It was a regular Marathon race from Manassas back to Fairfax Court House.

“The second battle of Bull Run or Manassas as it is sometimes called, was opened by a battery of artillery and our regiment. We were up against 40,000 of Stonewall Jackson’s soldiers and didn’t know it for several hours.

“Our colonel had the nerve to send a message to Stonewall Jackson asking him to surrender. Jackson didn’t surrender, but he did make the 2d New York Artillery ‘get up and git’ right smart, as the Johnnies used to say.

“We were on the way to join General Pope’s army and blundered onto Stonewall Jackson’s command one night near Manassas.

“The brilliant Confederate leader had outwitted

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General Pope and had slipped around between him and Washington.

"We had marched about twenty miles that day and had gone into camp that night near Bull Run bridge. We were a pretty tired lot and were soon sleeping on the ground as only tired soldiers can.

"All of a sudden we were awakened by the booming of cannon and rattle of musketry near at hand.

"We immediately sat up and took notice that there was something doing in that vicinity for the road was soon filled with white and colored people, soldiers and teamsters all fleeing towards Centreville.

"An officer rode up to our colonel and informed him that a large force of the enemy were at the junction, and had attacked his command capturing most of his men and guns.

"While he was telling his story the sky became brilliantly lighted up and we knew that the enemy were burning the railroad depot and the large quantities of stores for Pope's army that were there.

"Our colonel didn't take any stock in there being much of a force of the enemy and told the artillery officer to go back with his battery and he would march his regiment up to the junction and make short work of those guerillas.

"It was a dark, cloudy, mysterious night and I

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recall what a queer sensation, the braying of some of the frightened mules, produced on me as we were marching along in the inky blackness of that Virginia night.

"Bull Run is a wild mountain stream which at some seasons of the year is a raging torrent. It runs through a ravine which is densely fringed with underbrush, and the country about is hilly, wooded and cut up with narrow paths making it difficult to manoeuver an army in that locality.

"Well, we marched and countermarched the most of that night, stumbling over logs and every now and then getting tangled up in the vines that grew in profusion. Finally our colonel ordered a halt, and we lay down on the ground, the soldiers being ordered to keep their loaded muskets at their sides.

"As soon as it was day light the colonel ordered an advance, throwing a strong skirmish line out before the regiment."

"Weren't you afraid, grandpa?"

"Well, I hardly think that we knew enough about war at that time to have much fear. The men had been terribly anxious to go to the front and have a little taste of real war before the thing was over, for many feared that the rebellion might collapse and they have to go back home without having had a smell of the Johnnies' powder. So that morning as we got up out of the wet grass and bushes, the boys were as happy as

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though it was a picnic party. They rubbed their muskets dry, hastily partook of coffee and hard tack, which they seasoned with witty sayings and sharp jokes on one another, and then the colonel's bugler sounded 'forward' on his trumpet and we slowly advanced towards Manassas Junction.

"Our skirmishers encountered those of the enemy before going very far, and we saw off to the south some formidable earthworks, from which many cannon peered at us threateningly, and while our regiment was being formed in battle line we saw several of those black cannon run a tongue of flame out of their mouths, followed by puffs of smoke, and a few seconds later several shell went screaming over our heads and tore up the earth as they exploded to the rear of our line.

"A section of artillery which had been saved from the disaster of the previous night took position on our left, and they returned the fire of the Confederate guns.

"'Begins to look as though we were going to have a little fun boys,' said Albert Bishop, a big, raw-boned, six footer of our company.

"Then some Confederate cavalry rode out from the right of their intrenchments and as they came forward our skirmishers fired upon them and we saw several riderless horses go galloping across the field.

"A strong force of Confederate infantry which

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had been lying unobserved in front of their earth-works now rose up and poured a terrible volley into our skirmishers. The noise was like ten thousand packs of Fourth of July fire crackers going off under a lot of barrels.

"Then the cannon opened on us from all along the front and our colonel ordered the regiment to lie down which saved us from many casualties as most of the solid shot and shell passed over our heads, although occasionally a shell would explode in our front, ploughing up the ground and scattering dirt and pieces of shell around in a very careless manner.

"The first one of our company to receive a wound was Uncle 'Cy' Russell, the oldest member of the company. A little piece of a shell struck him over one of his eyes inflicting but a slight wound which bled profusely. Uncle 'Cy' didn't mind a small thing like that, and wetting his handkerchief in water tied it around his head and kept his place in the ranks.

"He had a son who was also a member of the company. He was a six footer, a droll character and a splendid soldier. When his father got hit he said to him: 'Well, dad, that's a pretty close call, and if I can get a crack at the 'grayback' who sighted that cannon I'll pay him back with interest.'

"During the severe cannonading my drum received a wound in the head. I had left it with

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some of the baggage a little to the rear of the line and a small piece of shell pierced its head."

"What did the drummer boys do during the battle, grandpa?"

"Our regiment did not have much of a drum corps at that time. Jack Budlong and I were the only drummers and we ran things pretty much to suit ourselves. Later when a full corps was organized and there was a battle the surgeons took us in charge and would tie red bands around our arms and send us to bring the wounded from the field. We used to assist in the dressing of the wounds, give the suffering, fevered ones water, help bury the dead and when there wasn't anything else on hand act as orderlies and couriers. Oh, they made the youngsters earn their \$13.00 a month, I assure you.

"Soon after the old drum got hit that day, things got pretty warm for us. The Confederates attempted to turn our left flank which subjected the regiment to a cross-fire so our colonel thought best to fall back toward Bull Run.

"About this time the 11th and 12th Ohio, who had been in camp at Union Mills, came to our assistance also a Pennsylvania cavalry regiment, but against us were twenty-five or thirty regiments of infantry, a dozen batteries of light artillery besides General Stuart's force of cavalry, so there was nothing else to do but retreat or be captured or annihilated. The retreat was or-

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derly enough on the start, but General Stuart's cavalry got after us and a regular stampede ensued.

"I think that the troops would have stood their ground better but for the irresponsible teamsters of three or four hundred baggage wagons that had been parked near Bull Run, and when a few shell had been dropped among them they took fright and not being under the command of officers acted on the impulse of the moment. Many of them cutting their horses' traces mounted them and galloped off yelling like mad men. Those who tried to drive away with their wagons soon blocked the roadway which became filled with flying troops, horses and colored people.

"Reinforcements came about this time. General Taylor's famous Jersey brigade of four regiments had been sent forward by rail from Alexandria. They were a fine lot of soldiers, well officered and disciplined but they could not stop the tide. It was as if the dam of a river had been swept away and the waters were rushing onward unrestrained.

"The Jerseymen made a gallant fight—we heard them cheering between the volleys of musketry, but they were overpowered and became a part of the demoralized mass of humanity that were choking the roadway in the mad rush to reach Fairfax Court House where it was expected a part of McClellan's army might be.

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"The Confederate cavalry under the dashing General Stuart, followed closely the fleeing troops, riding among them and capturing many prisoners."

"Did they get you, grandpa?"

"No, I escaped in a baggage wagon and took the ride of my life. Charley Rogers of our company drove the four horses, attached to the wagon in which I made the journey. He had guided eight horses in many a circus parade before the war, had a cool head, and of course was an expert reinsman, which doubtless had much to do with our safe journey down that Virginia turnpike, filled with infuriated horses, reckless riders and drivers, disabled wagons and pandemonium reigning supreme. It was a repetition of the first Bull Run skedaddle. But the battle of the second was more prolonged than the first which was a one day's fight, while the second lasted through four or five days, but as in the first the Union forces were worsted and General Pope's army fell back within the intrenchments which guarded the approaches to Washington on the south side of the Potomac."

Campaigning with Grant

“Campaigning with Grant”

“TELL us about some more battles, grandpa. Tell us about fighting with General Grant.”

“Well, it was in the spring of 1864 that General Grant, who had been very successful with the armies in the West, was commissioned Lieutenant General, which made him Commander of all the armies.

“He came to Washington to meet the President, and then in a brief, modest order, assumed command and announced that his headquarters would be in the field with the Army of the Potomac.

“This gave great satisfaction to the soldiers of that army who had fought, marched and suffered many defeats, largely because of petty jealousies and political wire pulling at Washington.

“While they did not throw their caps in the air for General Grant, they had great admiration for his lion-like qualities of the soldier, and his presence with the army inspired the soldiers with confidence that they had not felt under other commanders.

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"General Grant wanted plenty of men for he knew that many would be killed and wounded. So he asked that the 40,000 veteran soldiers in the defenses of Washington be sent to the Army of the Potomac.

"Secretary Stanton took fright and objected saying that the Confederates would capture Washington.

"President Lincoln asked Grant about it, and he very quietly said that if they would furnish him the soldiers he would keep General Lee so busy that he would not have time to molest Washington.

"That settled it and the Heavy Artillery Regiments went to the front.

"The orders came to us in the night. We were called up and they were read to us and the men cheered for scarcely a man but wanted to take an active part in the great struggle that had already commenced in the Wilderness.

"The next day our regiment marched away, 1800 strong—a splendid body of men, intelligent, muscular, thoroughly drilled and disciplined; and I doubt not we presented a very striking appearance with a fine brass band and a large drum corps leading. A drenching rain storm came on us after we were a couple of miles on the way to take a transport at Alexandria. We got a thorough soaking and went aboard the boat lying around in our wet clothes all night.

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"I will skip the particulars of our march to Spottsylvania the next day. Of the exhausting heat, the blinding clouds of dust, the torturing pangs of thirst. When we had caught up with Grant's army that night we had covered a distance of 35 miles and were about as tired and footsore a lot of soldiers as ever bivouaced in the open air. But goodness, gracious, how we did sleep there on the ground with our shoes tucked under our heads for pillows. I believe we were too tired to dream, but I would willingly take such a march again for such a sleep and the appetite that I had the next morning."

"Did the cooks have a good breakfast ready for you when you got up, grandpa?"

Grandpa laughed heartily before he made reply.

"Why, bless your hearts, we didn't have any cooks when we were campaigning with Grant. It was every man for himself and there was too much marching, digging trenches and fighting to be bothered with camp kettles and such things.

"We were awakened that morning, not by the shrill trumpet call or the drum's reveille, but by the rattling fire of 10,000 or more muskets and the booming of artillery as an accompaniment.

"We got upon our feet, rubbed the dust out of our eyes, shook out and rolled up our blankets, the boys laughing and joking with one another just as if they had rolled out of the nicest of

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beds and were getting up to the most appetizing breakfast imaginable.

"No, they didn't wait that morning for us to boil a little coffee. A mile away, near Spottsylvania Court House, there was fierce fighting going on, the Second and Sixth Corps, supported by Artillery, having assaulted the Confederate lines at 4 o'clock a. m.

"The country was densely wooded thereabouts, but we could see the puffs of smoke when the artillery was discharged along a ridge in our front. We passed out of the woods into an open field surrounded by evergreen trees. New breastworks with men and artillery in line of battle were in the woods and open field. Our regiment was massed in the rear and ordered to lie down. The Confederate artillery sent some shell over our heads and they sounded anything but pleasant. It was the first time our regiment had been under fire since the second Bull Run and as a large portion of the regiment had joined since that event it was to them their first introduction.

"As I have mentioned we had not been given time to make a cup of coffee and more than half of the men were without canteens of water, but while we were lying there in the blazing sun we drummer boys did a little reconnoitering, being allowed a few more liberties than the men in the ranks, and we found a nice spring not far away and filled our canteens and took them to our

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friends in the ranks and exchanged with them for their empty ones.

"If I was ever glad that I was in the service with my father it was that morning when I could give him a full canteen of good, cool water."

"And I guess he was glad too," added one of the little ones.

"Yes," said the veteran. "But his heart was too full for words and as he handed me his empty canteen there were great big tear drops rolling down his dust-covered cheeks.

"The battle in our front was a fierce one, and the veterans of Hancock and Wright assaulted the Confederate works in the face of a heavy musketry and artillery fire which completely swept the open field over which the troops had to pass. About noon the attack was discontinued without our being called upon for help, and we were marched to a different position near the headquarters of the 9th army corps. Out in an open field near by were some lookouts which General Grant had caused to be built of rails, and they towered up higher than the trees.

"One of the drummer boys who was more venturesome than the rest of us climbed to the top of one of the lookouts and was rewarded by being able to look within the Confederate lines at several points.

"Generals Grant and Meade were on horseback near us during the engagement in the forenoon.

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Grant quietly smoked as he used his field glass and gave orders. It is said that during those exciting days he used to smoke as many as two dozen strong cigars in a day.

"General Grant was yet new to the Army of the Potomac, but the men liked him and on every hand expressions of satisfaction were heard. They had faith in him. They liked his modesty and unostentatious manners. Meade was another one that the common soldier believed in too, and the men often remarked that Grant and Meade would make a good team, and so it proved.

"The big Heavy Artillery regiments, numbering more than many of the veteran brigades, furnished a lot of amusement for the bronzed, battle-scarred men who had been fighting at the front for more than two years, and as we marched along we would hear such expressions as : 'Those uniforms won't look so clean and starchy, nor their knapsacks won't be so heavy after they get into a fight or two.'

"And then another would hail us with: 'I say there Weighties! You'll miss your soft bread and feather beds this summer.'

"These banterings were received good naturedly by the 'Heavies,' who did not have long to wait for an opportunity to show the veterans of the Army of the Potomac that they were not only drilled and disciplined to perfection, but that they could fight as well.

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"The opportunity came the next day, when that great Confederate Commander, Lee, surmising that Grant was planning a movement, delivered one of the sudden counter-blows, for which the Confederates were famous, on the right wing of General Grant's Army.

"It was a complete surprise and Ewell's veterans broke the lines where they assaulted, but several of the heavy artillery regiments were near at hand and they were rushed into the battle without any warning. They knew nothing about the bush-whacking style of fighting, but just kept together and poured volley after volley into the enemy, repulsing their onslaught and finally driving them off capturing many prisoners, but not without severe losses. The casualties of our regiment in this affair were about 250, and many commands suffered worse."

"Where did the drummer boys go during the battle, grandpa?"

"Well, I cannot answer for those of the other regiments, but I have very keen recollections of our experiences that memorable day and night. We had received instructions as to our duties, from our Colonel the day before. We were to be under the orders of the regimental surgeon during any engagement in which the regiment might take part. So that afternoon when our regiment had doubled-quickened into position near some artillery and were loading their muskets and fixing

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bayonets, the Surgeon ordered us to lay aside all unnecessary luggage while he tore up strips of red flannel which he tied around one of our arms, giving us instructions as to our duties in the battle that the swelling tide of musketry, increasing in volume each moment, indicated was close at hand.

"We were in a large open field that sloped towards some pine woods. The scene about us was one of overwhelming excitement. Other troops were rushed across the field to the right of us. Aides-de-Camp and orderlies were riding here and there on horses reeking with foam. A battery of light artillery came galloping up with the drivers lashing their horses and wheeled their guns into position in the rear of the regiment, and then: Bang—bang—bang! Boom—boom—boom! Crash—crack—crack—whang! and the shells went flying over our heads into the woods.

"An officer galloped up to our Colonel and called out: 'Forward your regiment on the double-quick, the Rebels are driving us back in your front.'

"The colonel gave the command and we went down across that field on a run, the shells from our artillery passing over us, and the bullets from the Confederates zipping around us or ploughing up the dirt in front.

"We came upon the 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery falling back before the fierce fire in their

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front. They were a fine body of men and were contesting every inch of the ground. I recall that one of their wounded captains, who was still with his men, sang out to them as we rushed past. 'Three cheers for the old 2d New York.' We had been brigaded with them for about two years and a very friendly feeling existed between the men of the two regiments.

"I cannot tell you the details of the battle that lasted till after dark. 'Tis one confused mass. The boom of artillery, the crash of musketry, the smoke, the shouts of the officers, the shrieks of the wounded, the cheers when the enemy retreated—all are mixed up in my mind without much connection between them.

"I assisted to the rear the first man wounded in our company. His name was Loucks and he was one of the oldest members. Of the others I have no distinct recollection only that there were many. There was no sleep for us that night. Suffering men had to be helped and a fear was upon me all of the time that the next man might prove to be my own father. Thank God I was spared that, for he went through the battle and all the succeeding ones of the Army of the Potomac down to Appomattox, unharmed, and we came home together.

"The scenes around Spottsylvania were horrible in the extreme. More than 200,000 men had for days been engaged in mortal combat. The

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green sod everywhere stained with the blood of dying men. Ridges marked the places where thousands had sternly fought and bravely fallen, and it was a sad sight to see the heaps of blood-stained clothing, discarded knapsacks, shattered muskets, disabled cannon as well as the windrows of dead horses at the points where the artillery had been stationed.

"Those scenes have left an impress upon my mind that time cannot efface."

"Beside a stricken field I stood;
On the torn turf, on grass and wood,
Hung heavily the dew of blood.
Still, in their fresh mounds lay the slain,
But all the air was quick with pain,
And gusty sighs, and tearful rain."

"Did that battle end the war, grandpa?"

"Bless your dear little hearts, no. It was just the beginning of the most remarkable campaign in history. In the years to come you will read of that great struggle between Grant's and Lee's armies in the summer of 1864. Of the dreadful slaughter at Cold Harbor and in front of Petersburg. Of Sherman's grand march to the Sea, as well as other important operations on land and water. But all eyes were turned on the forces operating in Virginia. Lee had for three years been able to successfully combat the Army of the Potomac under various commanders, but it is re-

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ported that after the battle of Spottsylvania he said: 'The Army of the Potomac has at last found its commander.'

"General Grant recognized the fact that he was matched against the ablest general of the Confederacy, and that the army under him was composed of the finest soldiers of the South. Best of all the officers under Lee had been loyal to their commander through reverses as well as victories, a condition of affairs that had never existed in the Army of the Potomac. So when Grant counted up his losses around Spottsylvania and found that they amounted to about 40,000 he asked for more men and sent back to Washington the famous dispatch: 'I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!'"

A Drummer Boy in Gray

A Drummer Boy in Gray

“GRANDPA tell us about the little Rebel drummer boy that you found in a wagon.”

“Ah, children, it was indeed a most pathetic incident. It is more than forty-four years since the memorable campaign which had its finish at Appomattox, but do you know I can still see that beautiful, childish face with the sunken, bronze cheeks and the dark, expressive eyes, looking up to my comrade and me as we stood over him on the battlefield of Sailor’s Creek.

“There was victory in the air for the boys in blue, for we were fast hemming in the men in gray and all felt that the end was in sight, but somehow as I look back to those days in later years my heart is tinged with sadness when I think of Lee and his devoted followers, who though almost without hope, ragged, hungry, foot-sore, bleeding with wounds, fought on and remained loyal to their cause and the great leader that they had followed for four years. It is a sad picture in memory, but I am thrilled with admira-

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tion for the men who fought so gallantly against overwhelming odds.

"The third day before the surrender of Lee's army there was a running fight extending over fifteen miles or more of country. The cavalry under Generals Sheridan, Merritt, Crook and Custer were driving the enemy on the flanks. The Confederates were making a desperate effort to get away with their wagon trains and would only fight when pressed too hard. All day they fought on the defensive, holding us in check with their artillery until their trains would get a mile or so away, and then the artillerymen would limber up and make a run for a new position, from which they would shell us until we crowded them too close when they would use grape and cannister.

"The fighting was part of the time across a rolling country with woods and swamps alternating with open fields through which the lines of battle followed closely on the skirmish line, maintaining an excellent alignment which was very remarkable considering that while part of a brigade was in an open field the other portion of the line might be working its way through impenetrable undergrowth, stuck in a swamp or wading a stream.

"The troops in front of our Corps (the Second) were General John B. Gordon's, a Corps that included some of the famous fighting regiments of the Confederate Army.

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"About four o'clock in the afternoon they made a stand at Sailor's Creek where a large part of the trains of Lee's army were huddled together at the crossing of the creek.

"Ewell's and Anderson's troops formed on the north side of the creek, and determined to check the Union advance so that their trains could get across the stream.

"As we came over the hill the Confederates opened fire, both artillery and infantry. Our regiment came to a halt in a piece of pine woods, with trees about the size of stove pipe. The men dropped on their knees, sheltering themselves as best they could behind the timber while they loaded and fired as fast as possible.

"While in this position we could get occasional glimpses of the precious wagon train moving almost parallel with our front, and our men fearing it might get away grew impatient and some of the boys sang out to charge, and, though I do not think there was any orders to do so, away we went with a rush until we came to a fence behind which the Johnnies were sheltering themselves, but the enemy held to the fence, and did not leave it until we reached it. Here we had to stop long enough to tear it down or climb over it. Our supports were close behind us and the cavalry on our right was closing in on the rear of the train. We were abreast of it and our left was swinging round onto it.

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"On we went, the enemy disputing the ground foot by foot. Neither side could use artillery for fear of shooting their own men. The melee became general. The teamsters cut the traces or abandoned their wagons, while the combatants crawled through, under or between the wagons and endeavored to form on the opposite side of the road, firing under, between or through the wagons. Among the wagons were some ambulances filled with sick and wounded, who were in as much danger of being hit by their own men as by us.

"Poor fellows! Those who were able to do so crawled out of the wagons, some with fresh wounds and the blood running from them. Others with dried and dirty bandages that had not been removed in two or three days. Oh, it was a sad sight, and yet we did not stop to think much about it then, for some artillery had gotten into position on the crest of a hill and were shelling us, while the infantry were firing from the opposite side of the wagon train.

"My, but it was an exciting time. Some of our regiment captured two or three battle flags, also a brass cannon that some Johnnies were trying to haul away. When they saw that it was going to be captured they tried to turn it on our boys, but they were too quick for them. The gun was filled nearly to the muzzle with grape and cannister and would have cut a wide swath in our ranks, if it could have been discharged.

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"It was almost a hand-to-hand encounter around the wagon train. On a hill across the creek some Confederate artillery had taken position and were pouring an enfilading fire into our troops, but some of our artillery came in to the left of the brigade on a gallop and taking position, quickly drove off the enemy's guns and the defenders of the wagon train tried to save themselves. Hundreds were captured, however, also the train of three or four hundred wagons, thirteen flags and three cannon."

"Where does the little drummer boy in gray come in, grandpa?"

"Right here, children, only we old veterans hardly know where to stop when we get to talking about those days. Our boys had great sport going through the captured train. There was all kinds of plunder in the wagons. A paymaster's trunk with nearly a half million dollars of Confederate money, officers' uniforms, jugs of apple jack, bacon and commissary stores that the Confederate soldiers were starving for. But war is war and the boys made merry as they paraded around in colonel's and major general's uniforms, red sashes and ate broiled bacon, toasted hard tack, pickles and coffee with real genuine fresh milk in it, for one of the boys had overtaken a cow and milked her. Every one was in the best of spirits, and elated over our success, and little

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thought that when another sun sank in the west many in our ranks would be cold in death.

"But I know you are anxious to hear the story of the little Confederate. It is a sad one and as I said, I will never forget the look of his eyes when we lifted the frail little soldier out of the wagon where he had lain the best part of two days, without care for his wound, hungry and choking with thirst.

"We bathed his face and hands with cool water, gave him coffee and food, of which he could take but little. He was so weak; 'all marched out' he said.

"We found our surgeon and had his wound dressed. He bore his suffering like a hero, which he surely was.

"He wept as he whispered faintly of his widowed mother in the old Carolina home. He asked us if we knew any of the prayers of the Episcopal church, and when we explained that our Sunday School training had been with the Methodists and Presbyterians, he said: 'Well, it is the same Father over all', and asked that we repeat the Lord's prayer with him. So two little boys in blue, kneeling by the side of a little boy in gray, on the battlefield of Sailor's Creek, united in repeating the prayer that had been learned at a mother's knee, and then they said: 'Now I lay me' and bade him good night while they went and stretched themselves on a blanket, for they too were pretty well 'marched out.'

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“In the morning they found the little drummer boy from the Palmetto state cold in death. They buried him on the field, and when they were turning away from the spot there were great big lumps in their throats, and one said to the other, as he brushed a tear from his dust covered cheek, ‘Say, Will, this war is all wrong.’”

“What did you do with his drum, grandpa?”

“Why bless your hearts, the drummer boys of the Confederate Army were all carrying muskets instead of drums in the last year of the war.”

War Story Told in Churchyard

War Story Told in Churchyard

ONE beautiful autumn day in the year 1864, 5,000 soldiers stood in the form of a hollow square in the rear of the Union lines near Petersburg, Virginia.

They were in two ranks, facing each other and about ten or twelve paces apart. A cordon of mounted cavalry with drawn sabres was outside the lines of infantry and two pieces of artillery were in position at each angle of the square. At 4 p. m. sharp a suspected Confederate spy sentenced to be shot, started on what was supposed to be his last march. He was surrounded by 12 guards under command of an officer and led by a brass band playing a dead march. They proceeded around the square between the files of soldiers. After completing the circuit the condemned man was seated upon a coffin, blindfolded and handcuffed.

The 12 guards were each handed a loaded musket, one of which held a blank cartridge.

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The officer gave the command "Ready! Aim!" Five thousand men held their breath waiting for the next word when out from the ranks rode an officer and handed the commander of the guards an official envelope, which he tore open and read the paper enclosed.

"Carry arms!" was his next command, and the guards returned their muskets to their sides. Then word was passed around the lines that President Lincoln had commuted the man's sentence to imprisonment.

The troops marched back to their positions in the trenches. The usual artillery duels took place that night. The pickets exchanged shots with each other, and the incident, if not blotted out of memory, was submerged by the events that came thick and fast in a soldier's experiences with Grant's army.

THE SEQUEL.

Memory is a most wonderful gift of man, and it is curious how a trifling incident or an insignificant circumstance will unfold the events of long ago and enable one to recall old friends and associations that had seemingly been forgotten. It is more than two-fifths of a century since a party of three, of whom he that pens these words was one, traversed on horseback, the eastern shores of Maryland and Virginia.

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Time, with his keen sickle, has cut down two of the three comrades. The colonel sleeps amid the granite hills of New Hampshire, the captain in a village cemetery of the Empire State. The survivor was browsing among his valued friends the other evening and picking up an old volume he opened it and there written on the inside of the cover he found this inscription: "Purchased at Chestertown, Kent County, Maryland, 1866."

Forty years is a long time in one's life and things do get hazy and dim in the memory, but in an instant the trip down through the Chesapeake country all came back, and the three jolly comrades were cantering their horses down along the pikes of the "East'n Sho'," were smelling the breezes from the Atlantic ocean that came wafted across the peninsula, and were feasting on terrapin, canvas-back duck, spiced ham, crabs, fish, oysters, plum puddings, Maryland biscuit and other good things to eat that the dwellers of the Chesapeake country always had on their tables in those days.

Good hotels were not plenty down there then, but it mattered not, for the people who dwelt there 40 years ago were decidedly Southern and hospitality stands in the front ranks of a Southerner's code of living.

Often when a man was met on the highway, or some tiller of the soil was hailed from the roadside to ask the way to the nearest town, after the

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information was given an invitation usually followed to stop over an' rest up a bit, an' eat a little snak with us.

They always had plenty of time to be sociable, or if they did not they took it, and it is worthy of mention that no person in those days ever passed another on the road or in the street without a greeting of "good morning," "good afternoon," or a "pleasant day, sir."

Possibly the young generations of the Eastern Shore have become "commercialized," but it is to be hoped not for the survivor of the three horsemen, who made the trip in the sixties has promised himself that one of these days he will take another ride down through that charming country where fruits, flowers and hospitality abound. And if he were going to do it he would choose to make the journey on horseback for there is no better way to see a country and its people than from the saddle.

A carriage was a rare sight down on the peninsula 40 years ago. They had plenty of fine horses, but they were broken to the saddle and women as well as men rode to town or went visiting their friends on horseback.

"Befo' de wah'," the Marylanders were devoted to cutdoor life and sports such as fox and rabbit hunting, racing, fishing, duck hunting and at the close of a day's sport a gathering would take place at some large farm house, where they would feast,

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dance, drink rum punch and play cards till late in the night.

Forty years ago the lower peninsula was a sportsman's paradise. Ducks, wild geese, herons, eagles, quail, partridge, reed birds, red winged black birds and other winged game were plentiful around Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, and when it came to fish any old darky boatman could take you where you could catch bass, blue fish, perch, rock, shad and an occasional sturgeon until you were tired of the sport. Then the oarsman would row you ashore and while you smoked a cigar he would gather crabs and oysters and prepare you a feast there on the beach.

STORY TOLD IN CHURCH YARD.

The party tarried a week or ten days at—well never mind the name. It was an old town where there was much wealth and refinement.

Sabbath morning they wended their way to a stately old church. In fact everybody who made the least pretense to respectability attended divine worship on the Sabbath. After the service the three comrades strolled through an old burying ground that was adjacent.

They stopped at the side of a well-kept plot, where fresh flowers had been placed that morning.

On a marble slab they read this inscription: "Here Lies Martha, Wife of———and Our Little Mary."

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The names recalled the story of Martha, Mary and Lazarus, and the three comrades lingered around the spot and talked of childhood days, their Sunday School teachers and of mother and her prayers and hopes. A stranger approached and begged pardon for intruding. He had noticed our army badges, which we had not then discarded. He had seen them under far different circumstances and they had touched him. If we could sit on the grass for a few moments, he would tell us a story.

As we listened to his sad story I noted that he was tall, slender and graceful, with piercing black eyes setting deep in a swarthy face. Like most of the gentlemen of the South he had small, shapely hands and feet. His clothes were loose fitting, and a diamond stud relieved the snowy whiteness of a wide expanse of shirt bosom. It is 40 years ago this season since we met the man in an "Eastern Sho," church yard. He is now sleeping in that hallowed spot beside his loved ones.

HIS STORY.

When Lee's hosts invaded the North in 1863, his army received many accessions from the border states. The stranger we met told of his going and leaving a bride of a few months. His brother had already joined the Union Army and was serving in a Maryland regiment, so it was brother against brother, as was often the case.

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He passed through the battle of Gettysburg unharmed and went south with the Confederate Army.

A few months later he received a letter from his wife. It had come through the Union lines. He took from a leather letter case that same letter and read the message that came to him from home.

It is a long time since the occurrence, but I think that I remember every word. It was about as follows:

"Dearest Husband: I am so weak I can scarcely write, but I must send you a few words which I feel will be my last message. Doubtless before this reaches your hands, I shall be laid away in the old church yard.

"At my side there is the sweetest little girl baby that ever looked into a mother's face. We call her Mary as you wished.

"Oh, Tom, if I could see you with her in your arms I could die happy, but I know that it cannot be. 'Tis a cruel war, but I do not mean to murmur. You did what you thought was right and God bless you for it. I shall pray unceasingly that you may be spared to come home and care for our little girl. If I am gone, remember that I shall be watching and waiting for you, dear one. Your own loving Martha."

He could hardly control himself until he had finished reading. Then he broke down and sobbed as if his heart would break.

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The Colonel and the Captain, who had led their men amidst the storm of shot and shell on many a battlefield, and the drummer boy, shed tears of sympathy.

When he could control himself he looked up and said: "If either of you gentlemen had been the man that received that letter what would you have done?"

And the Colonel, who stood six feet in his stockings, said, "I should have gone through hell fire but I would have reached her."

"And that is what I almost did," remarked the man.

Then turning to the Captain he said: "I recognized you to-day as the officer who commanded a squad of soldiers that were about to shoot one condemned to die on a charge of being a Confederate spy."

"I was that man, but not a spy, and that is why I wanted you to listen to my story.

"I was not a deserter from my regiment, either, for I showed the letter to my Colonel and he said while he could not give me his permission, he would not blame me if I went. I thanked him and promised that I would return as soon as possible.

"I reached home in time to see my wife before she died, and remained about three weeks, hoping that my little girl might be spared to me.

"The next day after my arrival home one of

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our old neighbors, Judge—, who had a son in the Union Army, came to our door and asked for me.

“‘Tom,’ he said, ‘I have come to tell you that we all know that you are at home and know what brought you here. You have no need to secrete yourself. You are safe in this community, even if we do not all sympathize with the cause you have been fighting for.’

“‘I do not believe there is a man in this town mean or low enough to report you to the authorities, so just stay as long as you want to, and if you feel it your duty to go back South again, it will be all right.’”

Continuing, he said:

“Our little Mary soon followed her mother, and as I had nothing to live for, I tried to reach my old regiment, but in an attempt to pass through the lines at Petersburg I was detected and accused of being a Confederate spy. It was only through influential friends who presented my case to President Lincoln that my life was spared, he commuting the sentence to imprisonment during the war.”

As the speaker finished his narrative we heard a voice calling: “Marse Tom! Marse Tom!” and looking over our shoulders, we beheld an aged negro leaning over the back fence.

“‘Mist’iss bin waitin’ dinner fo’ you nigh onto an hour, Marse Tom. She say dat if you do’n come along right smart, dat de tar’pins won’t be fit fo’ de niggah’s to eat.’”

A Drum's Story

The man who wore the gray got up and went right along, and the men who had worn the blue went with him as his guests.

An Adventure on the East'n Sho'

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An Adventure on the East'n Sho'

BLACKBIRD INN.

ONE day the three comrades stopped for dinner at a hotel called "Blackbird Inn." Queer name, isn't it? And queerer still that through all the experiences that are crowded into one's life in forty years that he should remember the name of a hotel where he happened to stop for refreshments. The Blackbird Inn was down on the banks of the Pocomoke River. And by the way the first naval battle of America was fought on that river nearly 300 years ago between trading vessels and some armed sloops sent to enforce the authority of Lord Baltimore. But all of this is a matter of history and has nothing to do with our story.

The Blackbird Inn was a resort for duck hunters, fishermen and boatmen, and did a thriving business. Many of the patrons had seen much of the rough side of life both on land and water, and as might be expected some of them were not angels.

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The Chesapeake country furnished many soldiers for the Confederate Army and as the passions of the war had hardly commenced to cool off in the following year, the three comrades who had worn the blue, deemed it wise to avoid as much as possible the subject of war.

Our party were a little late for dinner at the Blackbird and had to wait while it was being prepared.

There was a crowd of fifteen or twenty in the barroom who were playing cards, shaking dice, drinking and smoking. All eyes were centered on the three strangers who were invited by a great lank, rawboned, six-footer to take a drink. The party respectfully declined which seemed to irritate the man who gave the invitation, and when he heard one of the strangers address another of the party as "Colonel," he looked up and said: "Ah, I understand why you refused to take a drink with me, suh. You think because you wore shoulder straps that you are a little better than Tom Allen who served as a private.

"I'm doggoned if I don't believe that you was one of them cussed Yankee officers that don't know what a drink of good whisky is.

"My name is Tom Allen, and I served as a high private in Company B, —th Virginia infantry, an' I'm proud of it. If Bob Lee could have had half the soldiers that Grant had he'd licked him out'n his boots. We could outmarch and outfight

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you Yanks every day in the week an' twice on Sunday.

"Say, stranger, maybe 'tis none of my business but I'd just like to know what command you served in?"

The Colonel courteously replied, "the —th New Hampshire, Hancock's corps, Army of the Potomac, and my comrades were members of a New York regiment in the same command."

Dinner being announced the three travelers repaired to the dining room, where they found a good old Chesapeake dinner awaiting them.

'Tis a long time to remember a bill of fare, but memory recalls Chesapeake Bay shad fried with hominy, roasted sweet potatoes, cold boiled East'n Sho' spiced ham, hot co'n bread, cold roast duck, and for dessert, Maryland fried pies and brandy peaches.

While the comrades were lingering over their coffee the proprietor of the Blackbird came into the dining room and said:

"I thought I'd give you'ns a little advice. That man Tom Allen is a 'bad man' an' he's bound to have a fuss with you'ns, therefore I thought I'd give you a little hint an' maybe you'd like to slip out'n the side door, mount your horses an' ride away without meetin' him again."

The colonel acted as spokesman for the party and after thanking the landlord for the friendly information said: "Our horses are pretty well

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fagged out with a 15 mile ride through the mud this afternoon, the weather is a little bad for horseback riding, and as your table accommodations seem to be pretty good we have about made up our minds to stop over 'till late this afternoon, and in case the drizzling rain does not let up we might stay overnight provided you can accommodate us."

The landlord assured the party that he would do his best to make his guests comfortable, but added, "Look out for Tom Allen."

When the party entered the barroom again every voice was instantly hushed as though waiting for an explosion and it soon came.

The three comrades had lighted cigars and seated themselves a little apart from the rest. In a few moments Tom Allen got up, walked over by the side of the colonel and said:

"Say, Yank, you'ns didn't whip us fair in war. We'uns were just crushed to death by the hordes of hired soldiers Grant had.

"We'uns fought for love of country, while you blankety, blank Yanks went soldiering for the money that was in it. I've been waitin' a long time to tell some of you'ns face to face what I thought of you, an' now as I've got a good chance I'm goin' to do it." And then he exploded an insulting oath and followed up with a lot of vile epithets.

The colonel had not said a word, but while the

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torrent of abuse and insult was pouring from the mouth of the big Virginian, he arose and slapped him with the flat of his hand on the side of the man's head.

Tom Allen staggered from the blow, but recovering himself, said: "Now, you've got to fight an' we'll see who is the best man."

Both men took off their coats. The colonel took a revolver from his hip pocket and handing it to the landlord told him to lay it up back of the bar and then requested Allen to do likewise which he did. Then they faced each other. The Virginian, the taller, but the granite state man the better form, with the advantage that he was an all around boxer, wrestler and athlete.

The Virginian made a rush for him but the colonel parried his sledge hammer blows and watching his chance ran in under his arms, caught him around the body and threw him over his hip, the two men falling together. Tom Allen was a giant in strength but lacked the skill. However, he was able to get up with the colonel on top of him, and then they sparred around the room, tipping over the chairs and tables until the colonel saw his opportunity and quick as a flash dealt the Virginian a blow that sent him sprawling on the floor.

No one had offered to interfere until Allen went down with a bloody face and then one of his chums started towards the colonel, but the captain pulled

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a revolver and thrusting it before him said, "I'll shoot the first man that interferes in this affair, or attempts to draw a pistol or knife."

The Ex-Confederate arose somewhat dazed, and with the fight all knocked out of him. Raising his right hand he offered his antagonist a military salute and said: "Colonel, I'm doggoned if you ain't the best man I ever met on the Pocomoke. All hands come an' take something with Tom Allen."

That night the colonel who was possessed of hypnotic powers, and was a marvelous story-teller, entertained until a late hour the crowd assembled in the bar-room of the Blackbird Inn.

The next morning the three comrades rode away while Tom Allen waved them an adieu from the porch of the Virginia Inn.

Heroines of '61 and Barbara
Frietchie

Heroines of '61 and Barbara Frietchie

LITTLE has been written about the unselfish and devoted labors of the grand women of those days—both on the side of the North and South. Much might be written for their grand deeds would fill volumes.

Back of all the heroism, the hardships and suffering endured by the soldiers of the Civil War one needs to go to find real loyalty, love of home and country.

The mothers of the "boys of '61" like the Spartan mothers of old had taught their sons love of native land from the cradle and when the day dawned that soldiers were needed they buckled on the sword for husband and son and bade them God speed in their battles for the right. And beardless boys became mighty warriors in one night.

All the women could not go to the front. But many did as soon as the first shots were fired. Hospitals lacked not the gentle, soothing hand of woman. Lives were saved, hearts were cheered, messages of the dying to their loved ones were re-

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corded and thousands of penitent ones were pointed to the cross before death came. Nor were their labors confined to the hospitals. Many followed the troops in their active campaigns right down to the battlefields where the blood flowed fast and where the scenes of suffering made the stoutest hearts faint. The names of a few like Clara Barton, have found a place in history. But hundreds, aye, thousands who did just as much, who were beloved by the soldiers, are remembered only, "by what they have done."

Memory brings before me tonight, as I sit in my comfortable home so far away from those days, a loyal woman who was one of the grandest characters that the Good Master ever created. Mrs. William H. Holstein, a Pennsylvanian of wealth and high social position, who with her husband left their beautiful home in the suburbs of Philadelphia, went to the front and spent three years among the terrible scenes of suffering.

I see her as I write, just as I saw her for the first time at Cold Harbor, that bloody June day in 1864, when 10,000 men were put out of action in less than an hour. She was presiding over a "diet kitchen" near the battlefield, that fed over 2,000 sick and wounded men before midnight. And later she related to me how she gave her straw pillow that night to a mortally wounded boy who was crying for "mother."

Working with the surgeons as the drummer boys

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did after every big battle in 1864—for no men could be spared from the ranks, it was my pleasure to meet Mrs. Holstein frequently, and it is a very precious memory.

Doubtless my youthfulness and the knowledge that my own dear mother was watching her boy from the other shore, appealed to the warm, motherly heart of this grand woman and she manifested much interest in her “little soldier boy.”

One day when I had gone to the 2d corps diet kitchen to get some broth for a wounded comrade, she called to me and presented me to General Hartranft, an old neighbor of the Holstein's, who was then a gallant officer of the 9th corps; after the war Governor of Pennsylvania and a prominent candidate for the Presidency. Of course I am not expected to repeat what Mrs. Holstein said about the little lad when he was presented to the distinguished officer, nor his remarks in reply.

Mrs. Holstein told me how she became interested in the soldiers. The battle of Antietam brought the horrors of war startingly near her home. Major Holstein returned from the battlefield, telling his wife of men lying by the roadside, in barns, sheds and outhouses, and that they were dying for food and care.

She hesitated no longer, but went to friends and neighbors and appealed for food, medicine and clothing and hastened to the front.

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She told me how as she passed through rows of suffering soldiers at Antietam the thought came to her, "This is the work God has given me to do."

To do for the wounded and sick what the wives and mothers, who were at home praying, would gladly do, were it in their power.

She said at first it seemed hard to be of any use, and that many a time she had gone to her tent to hide the choking sobs and blinding tears; and to ask of the Heavenly Father strength to do the work that needed to be done. But gradually she acquired the calmness so necessary.

From the battlefield Mrs. Holstein was called home to attend the wedding of a relative. When she saw the elegant costumes and lavish abundance at the reception that followed she said she had to turn away sick at heart as she thought of the many noble lives that might have been saved with a part of the money that to her seemed a waste.

She went from the house of festivity and sent notes to friends imploring help for the wounded and the responses were so prompt that in forty-eight hours she was on her way back to Antietam with boxes of medical stores, delicacies and clothing valued at many thousands of dollars.

She related how that early in her experience she was taught a lesson that she never forgot. While she was glad to be of aid to all, her sympathies were inclined to be strongest for men from her own state.

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One morning she went to a tent with some nourishing food and as she stepped inside she asked "Are there any from Pennsylvania here?" Several replied in the affirmative; but one poor fellow near her sank back upon his bed of straw and said in a tone of despair, "Well, as I am from New York, I suppose I am not to have any of that nice food." She hastened to correct his mistake and said that from that moment she never knew any distinction of States.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Mrs. Holstein always believed that she knew the original of Whittier's charming story so told that it will live for ages.

While at Frederick City she made her home at the house of a well-known loyal family.

As Stonewall Jackson's men marched through the town they trailed the stars and stripes through the dust at their horses' feet as they rode along.

The loyal family, unwilling to look upon the disgraceful act which they were powerless to prevent, closed their doors and windows that they might be out of sight. But as they had neighbors who sympathized with the South they were pointed out as noted Unionists and the Confederates were not sparing of their taunts as they marched by.

Their triumphant march was of short duration. The tide was turned and the Johnnies had to re-

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trace their steps through the town. The Union forces captured many prisoners and a long line marched by the house of the Union family. Then was their hour of triumph. The "Starry Flag" which had been concealed and sacredly guarded was brought from its hiding place and secured to a staff. Mrs. J.—, an elderly lady, determined that they should again pass under the flag they had dishonored. Its weight was as much as a strong man could lift, but in the excitement the loyal woman was unmindful of it and she waved it defiantly over the Confederates.

"In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet,
She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will."

Mrs. Holstein knew of this incident and always felt confident that it was the one that gave rise to Whittier's famous poem.

I hope that among the readers of these sketches there will be some young persons, for I want to tell them of a true incident that illustrated what a love the boys of '61 had for the stars and stripes that now float over every school house in the land.

Mrs. Holstein spent some time at the parole camp, Annapolis, Md., where the returned prisoners from Andersonville and other places were first sent. The pathetic cases that came to her notice would fill a good sized book, but I have selected

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one as a good sample of patriotism and love of flag.

It was the case of a young soldier—a mere boy, said Mrs. Holstein. After he had been thoroughly bathed and made comfortable with clean under-clothing and laid upon the nice, clean, soft mattress, he called out to his comrades: “Boys I’m ready to die,” whereupon someone answered: “Sure you don’t want to die, now that you are home again?” and the boy replied: “I prayed so long and so earnestly that I might be spared to die on Union soil, and now, though I should like to see father, mother and the old home, I am perfectly happy for I’ve heard the music, and have seen the old flag, and am ready to go.” And Mrs. Holstein said that in three hours he passed away repeating, “I’ve heard the music and I’ve seen the old flag.”

Down the Fairfax Pike

Down the Fairfax Pike

ON a beautiful Autumn day about 30 years after the close of the Civil War a veteran with coat thrown across his arm was walking along the road leading out from Alexandria, Virginia, in the direction of Fairfax Court House.

The day before he had marched down Pennsylvania Avenue with 60,000 or 70,000 survivors of that great war, but on this day he wanted to get away from the crowds that thronged the streets and every public building so he took a boat and crossed over the Potomac to Alexandria, and then started afoot out King street in the direction of Fairfax.

Thirty years before he had trod that same roadway that leads through a charming little valley, but under far different circumstances. Then every field was a camp of armed men. The hill-sides were white with tents and muzzles of cannon peered threateningly from the crest of every hill top. Bugle calls could be heard in every direction and the noise of fife and drum in scores of camps drowned the notes of the song birds.

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He recalled what an impression it had made on him the first evening in camp when with his father he had walked out on the bluffs at Fort Worth, from where could be seen the campfires and the lights in the tents of over 50,000 soldiers.

Many things can happen in 30 years. Much had happened in the life of the boy who had grown to manhood. He stood alone on this autumn day in the '90's where he and his father had stood so long before. The father had answered the last roll call, and as the son turned away from the spot there was a tear for the absent one.

The old Fairfax "Pike" in war-time was a much traveled thoroughfare. Every tree and bit of foliage was laden with the red clay dust that filled the air as regiments of soldiers, batteries of artillery, squadrons of cavalry and supply trains passed along.

The veteran recalled the day he had seen General McClellan ride down the road when his troops, just back from the Peninsular Campaign, lined it on either side for nearly three miles, and though ragged and footsore they gave "Little Mac" a most enthusiastic reception.

Thirty years had wrought a great change, and on this day everything denoted peace. Cattle dotted the fields instead of soldiers, birds sang. The grass was green. The air was free from dust, mellow and invigorating. Wild grapevines and rose bushes were growing among the abatis of the

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old earthworks that time and the elements had nearly obliterated. Fairfax Seminary, a famous institution of learning, which was utilized as a hospital during the war, remained and the buildings and grounds had been restored to their former beauty and grandeur. The same mulberry trees were there on the hillside, but the berries did not taste as sweet as in other days.

The veteran observed a most unique outfit passing along the road, consisting of an aged negro driving a span of ancient mules hitched to a covered wagon that had been through the war and on the sides of the top could be faintly discerned the letters "C. S. A."

THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE.

Four Mile Run threaded its way through the little valley as in days of yore and tempted the veteran to seek its magnolia shaded banks. It had been a good friend in other days. In its clear, cooling waters he had bathed and refreshed himself at the close of many sweltering summer days in '62.

He wondered if he could find the old swimming hole and starting across the fields went straight to it.

Its banks, left to nature, had become green again. Laurel bushes grew along its shores and there was the refreshing smell of mint and pennyroyal.

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Sitting down on the green grass he let his thoughts revel in the past. Where were the bright, happy boys who had splashed water over each other 30 years before? Their faces, their forms, their merry laughter, their jests came back to him, but, ah, where were they?

He could name quite a score who were under the sod between there and Appomattox, and as many more who returned home to die, while others were maimed and crippled for life.

FISHING IN THE OLD MILL POND.

Over in the meadow was where his regiment had bivouacked the night before the march to Bull Run.

His musings were disturbed by voices from the direction of the old mill a little farther down stream, and walking there he saw a most fascinating picture. A little girl, four or five years old, was taking lessons in fishing from a gray headed negro. The child was surpassingly beautiful and looked like a fairy in her pretty clothes, with her dark hair hanging in ringlets that reached to her shoulders. She had just landed a horned dace as he approached and was in ecstasies over her success. The veteran explained to the colored man that he was visiting scenes of other days when he was one of the great army that had been in camp in the vicinity, and when he mentioned the Second New York the Ethiopian smiled as he

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said: "I sut'ny 'member de sec'nd what use' to be up at Fort Worth. De sec'nd a mighty fine reg'men sure, but dey was powerful foragers. When one Marse Cameron's chickens see one of dat reg'men come 'long he lay right down an' turn up his feet cause he know he's a goner. Me an' Loretta used to go up to de fo't to see de dress p'rades. Say, boss, but yo sut'ny had a fine brass ban'. I used to tell Loretta dat if I could learn to play a ho'n an' lead a ban' on p'rade dat I'd be willin' to lay right down an' die."

"Who was Loretta?"

"Why she was my bes' gurl an' a mighty high steppah, too. When Loretta an' I get an' afternoon off an' go down to Alexandria we'd have all dem Duke street cullud people twisting their necks mos' off looking after us."

"Have you always lived in the Cameron family?" queried the veteran.

"Yes, mistah, I's bo'n at Cameron Hall an' Colonel Gawge an' I fished in dis Run when he was in short clo's. When young marse went to de wah he say to me, 'Tom, when I win my shoulder straps I'm coming home to see de folks an' I'll take you back wid me to hol' my hoss an' to brush de duss' off my clo's after a battle.'

"Marse Gawge win his shoulder straps sure 'nuff, fo' dem Cameron's bo'n fighters.

"One night Marse came home—he was then a majah—he stay roun' free or fo' days keepin'

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mighty shy in de daytime an' goin' ovah to Squire Haddon's ebery ebening to see Miss Haddon.

"One dark night about a dozen ob Massa Lin-cum sojers ride up front ob de Cameron house an' de Cap'n rap on de do' an' he tell Mistiss Cam-eron dat he want to see her son, Majah Cameron. Miss Cameron say she mighty sorry but dat de gemmen ain't at home. De Cap'n tell his sojers to dismount an' surroun' de house an' if anybody try to run away, shoot.

"When de sojers ride up Loretta an' I was sit-ting on de wash bench out by de side ob de milk house. I drop on my han's an' knees an' creep roun' back ob de barns an den I run down de lane towards Squire Haddon's. De high hedge keep de sojers from seein' me an' I got to de Squire's in mighty quick time.

"Den dar was some right smart hustlin', you can bet.

"Majah Cameron say to de Judge, 'I want you to loan me two of your swiftest horses, one fo' Tom an' one fo' me.'

"I tell Marse Cameron dat I don't care 'bout goin' wid him, but he say I got to go.

"An' den dat Belle Haddon cum an' lay her han' on my arm an' say low an' soft like, 'You'll go fo' my sake, won't you, Tom?' an' den I know it was all up wid me fo' no one could stan' up an' say no wid her eyes lookin' at you.

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“De Judge had some ob de best runnin’ hosses in Fairfax County an’ de two dat Marse Gawge an’ I rode dat night was de pick ob de lot.

“Whew! didn’t we go clippity clip down de pike, ober fences an’ cross lots. No use for dem Lincum sojers try to catch us.

“I tell you I’s mighty glad I’s wid Marse Gawge at Cole Harbor when he los’ his arm.

“I knowd sumpin’ goin’ to happen dat day fo’ I had a dream de night befo’ an’ I see all de Cameron ducks in a row down by dis yere Run an dey was stan’in’ on one foot.

“I tell Marse Gawge ’bout it in de mornin’ but he laugh as he mount black Bess an’ ride out front ob his reg’men. Fifteen minutes later he come ridin’ back all covered with blood an’ when his hoss stop he fall off one side in my a’ms. I remin’ Marse Gawge ’bout de dream an’ he say, ‘Quit dat dreamin’ you black rascal an’ get me to a surgeon befo’ I bleed to death.’

“No, Marse Gawge didn’t quit if he did lose one arm. De Cameron’s are bo’n fighters as I tole you an’ after he got well we followed Bob Lee till de last shot was fired.”

“I presume that after Colonel Cameron returned there was a wedding at Squire Haddon’s?” queried the veteran.

Faithful Tom smiled as he answered:

“Yes, an’ dis yere little gal is Miss Ruth, de gran’-daughter.”

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FAITHLESS LORETTA.

The veteran had surmised that there was probably another wedding at the close of hostilities and while black Tom had been reminiscing he had pictured a snug cabin near by with trellises of morning glories sheltering the doorway and the high-stepping Loretta, now portly and less sprightly, sitting in the shade while she watched a sextette of pickanniny grandchildren digging in the sand, so when Tom paused in his narrative the veteran inquired "How's Loretta?"

"Say, Mistah," replied Tom. "Dat gurl sut'ly play me a low down, mean trick when I's away to de wah.

"She went an' got married to de drum majah of a cullud reg'men, an' now she is takin' in washin' to feed her chiluns while de drum majah spen' his time fishin' an' playin' craps an' loafin' 'roun' waitin' for his penshun check."

Major Mallory of Malloryville

Major Mallory of Malloryville

IT was on a Santa Fe train, west of Kansas City, that I met Maj. Ben Mallory, of Malloryville, Michigan. The name is a fictitious one but the man was genuine—the “real stuff.” Nearly six feet tall, thick set, florid complexion, ruddy cheeks, white hair, a military mustache and chin whisker; a blunt, plain spoken man, who called a spade a spade; one who when he says it’s so, ’tis so.

When I entered the train at Topeka, I noticed him on the opposite side of the car from where I took a seat. He looked hard at the little brown button in the lapel of my coat, and I looked at the one he wore. At Kansas City a number of people left the train, and the G. A. R. man said:

“Comrade, if you don’t mind, I’d like to have you sit with me.”

I didn’t mind, and I found him intensely interesting and entertaining. He said he was “all-fired tired and lonesome,” having come through from Los Angeles, where he had spent nearly four years for his health.

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I ventured the opinion that he had doubtless received much benefit and enjoyment from his sojourn in that beautiful land of flowers, fruit, perpetual sunshine and summer. Much to my surprise the major answered:

"I was never so sick of a country in all my life. California, sir, is a big fake. 'Tis all on paper. There are some beauty spots, but they have all been made. There is nothing there but fruit, flowers and fleas, and by the Lord Harry! sir, the fruit is not fit to eat. Nothing but mush. All water soaked, and tasteless. Why I'm just dying to get back home and stick my teeth into a good old-fashioned Rhode Island greening, or Northern spy, such as we raise along the lake shore.

"Great Scott! they don't know what a good apple is in California.

"Yes, I said fleas. The women come out of the houses every morning and shake the fleas out of their bedding and clothing. It sort of reminded me of soldiering, when we used to skirmish daily up and down the seams of our shirt and trousers in quest of those detested 'graybacks' that we could not get rid of when in the field.

"Oh, California is all right for tourists with plenty of money, but as a place to live, not any for me. They are robbers, sir. Everybody is on the 'beat,' and they go to bed trying to think how they can rope some newcomer into a scheme

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that will fleece him on the morrow. Every one who serves you have their hands out for tips. Talk about fast living, why they have got Chicago and New York skunked."

It occurred to the Major that he had not asked to what command I had belonged, and when he learned it was the 2nd New York his enthusiasm knew no bounds.

"Great Scott, to think that you and I served in the same corps under General Hancock! There was a soldier for you what was a soldier! A leader that all loved to follow. A born fighter and a gentleman!

"So you were a drummer boy. Better stop off at Malloryville for a day or two and see Jim Hubbard, my drummer boy. That is he used to be although you would hardly believe it now, he has grown to be such a great big man, and weighs over 250 pounds. I like to think of Jim, though, as he was in war times. Just a little kid 13 or 14 years old, and small at that, but he could out-march all the big men of the company, and was as full of ginger as a two year old colt, cutting up all sorts of didos and boyish pranks, and, by thunder, sir, he wasn't afraid of anything.

"At the battle of Fredericksburg, when the troops crossed the river under fire in pontoon boats, Jim would not be left behind, although all the musicians were ordered to stay on the north side with the 'coffee coolers.' But when we were

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lining up on the south side, there was that kid of Company B, with his drum. He said he enlisted to go with the boys, and he didn't propose to be left behind when there was anything going on.

"Jim is a well-to-do farmer, living about a mile out of Malloryville, and takes life pretty easy, because he has lots of land, besides money in the bank; comes to town most every day; and is a genial, whole-souled fellow, a lover of children, and a friend of the poor and helpless. He and Tom O'Hara usually take 25 or 30 poor boys to every circus that comes to town.

DANDIEST DRUM MAJOR IN MICHIGAN.

"Jim is a bit careless about his dress, and a little slouchy in his gait—but, say, ladies, you ought to see him with his regimentals on, and the big bearskin shako on his head, for he is just the dandiest drum major in all of old Michigan, and is in great demand all over the state when there is any big doings.

"The sound of a fife and drum seems to put new life into him, just as a bugle call rouses the blood of an old war horse. Jim does not cut up any of the monkey shines, such as the drum majors of the minstrel troupe bands do, twisting themselves all to pieces. No sir; none of that nonsense for Jim of old Company B. It is beneath his dignity. He is just such a drum major as Gen. Hancock

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was a soldier. Tall, straight, never a look to the right or the left, but when he leads a division of the old boys in a parade at a G. A. R. encampment there is applause all along the line.

CLUNG TO THE BRIDLE.

"It makes me laugh whenever I think of a little incident about Jim at Gettysburg. It was on the third day, during the terrific cannonading preceding Pickett's charge. Jim was carrying a gun, because his drum was ruined by a piece of shell the day before in the fight over in the wheatfield.

"Our lieutenant-colonel had dismounted and stood holding his horse nearly in front of my company. The animal was badly frightened by the noise of the shrieking shells, and whenever one passed close by would rear and plunge so as to be almost unmanageable. The officer was annoyed and, turning around, saw little Jim with a musket taller than himself.

"'Here, boy,' says the officer, 'lead my horse to the rear and hold him until this affair is over, and mind that you keep a good hold of the bridle so that he don't get away from you.'

"'All right, sir,' says Jim, as he led the horse away.

"About 15 minutes later Jimmie appeared along the line with his musket in one hand, the bridle in the other and his face, clothes and hands spattered with blood. Going up to the officer, he saluted and said:

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"Here's your bridle, colonel."

"But where is my horse," inquired the officer. And Jimmie replied:

"What's left of him, sir, is back of that battery, there, over on the ridge."

"Sure enough the horse had been struck in the side by an exploding shell and literally torn to pieces, while our drummer boy escaped without a scratch.

TOM O'HARA.

"Yes, I forgot to tell you who Tom was. Well, his full name was Thomas O'Hara, first sergeant of my company. He was a great big, brave, white, noble-hearted fellow, and distinguished himself in the charge at Cold Harbor enough to entitle him to a colonel's commission.

"Tom and I were both wounded there, and that night, when we lay on the deck watching the stars as we steamed across Chesapeake Bay, and could not sleep for our aching wounds, I told Tom that I was going to recommend him for promotion, and the first thing he said was: 'For God's sake, captain, don't do it. If I pull through with this wound (He was shot through the body), all I ask is to serve to the end as orderly sergeant of old Company B. There is not such another lot of men in the service. I love all the boys, and we get along well together. Now they call me Tom, but if I wore shoulder straps they wouldn't dare

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approach me without saluting, and it would be, Lieutenant O'Hara. No, captain, just let me stay with the boys.'

"Tom did pull through, and we were both back with the regiment again in a few weeks and stayed right through till Lee surrendered.

"After we were mustered out of the service, Tom and I thought we would go West," continued the major. "Tom had had some experience in bridge building and as my father had been a large contractor, I knew more or less about the handling of men, and in a few months I was in charge of a large force on one of the railroads in southern Missouri and Tom was my right hand man, and his wonderful power over and judgment of men, combined with his ignorance of fear and his sense of right, fairness and justice, stood us in good play in the handling of the tough characters we had to deal with in those days, when law and order were unknown in that section of the country.

"Tom O'Hara was a clean man. He never used profane words or told stories that would make his sisters blush. He never gambled, nor drank. He never made a threat or a promise, or had a duty to perform but that he did not perform it to the letter.

In 1867, we were making our headquarters at B—, a town of less than 5,000, and it was about as tough a place as you could make. Frequently

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the cowboys used to come to town and proceed to paint it red, and after they had filled up with beer and whiskey, they would display their insolence in various ways, such as riding at breakneck speed through the streets, shooting their revolvers off in the air, killing cats and dogs and frightening people generally.

"The police force was not of the right sort to deal with the situation. Now, Tom had made something of a reputation in town, because on numerous occasions when the railroad men had gone on the war path, Tom would go around town and drive them out to their camps. One day Tom came to me and said: 'The officials over at B— want me to act as Chief of Police a year, and I've about decided to accept their offer of \$200 a month.'

"For God's sake don't do it, Tom, I said. You will die with your boots on in less than a month, and I'll have to go back to Michigan alone. But Tom accepted in spite of my remonstrance, and a new era dawned in B—, although Tom had many a tussle and close shave during the first three months of his marshalship, I believe they called it.

"I might relate thrilling incidents all the way to Chicago, connected with his year's service. One evening five cowboys came to town and proceeded to have the time of their life. They started down the main street kicking over boxes and barrels,

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pulling down blinds from the windows and raising the old Harry generally. Tom was soon on their trail, and when he overtook them he introduced himself by laying three of them out on the ground. And they went down so that they stayed there, while he grappled with the other two.

"Tom was a regular cyclone when he got his Irish up, and he took the other two and bumped their heads together and then piled them up with the others; sat upon them while somebody ran for a drayman, and the whole gang were carted off to the lockup. Tom of course, had to use his revolver on more than one occasion, but always took good care not to shoot to kill, although he wounded three or four in the legs or hands. Strange to relate, he never was 'scratched' with a bullet in any encounter he had, and all because he was too quick for the other fellow.

A MISSOURI RANGER.

"About a month after the episode with the cow-boys, Tom was strolling down the street one afternoon, when a boy from the Palace hotel came running up to him and said that a gentleman wanted to see him up at the hotel. Tom walked down to the famous hostelry and found quite a congregation on the veranda, as well as inside.

"As he entered the bar-room, he noticed a big man with a soft slouch hat pushed over on the back of his head, a cigar in the corner of his

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mouth with the end elevated at an angle of 45 degrees. He was leaning on the bar and had evidently been talking to those assembled. All eyes were turned upon Tom, for the stranger had hinted of his business with him.

“‘Is this Marshal O’Hara?’ asked the stranger. Tom said, ‘my name is O’Hara.’ ‘Have suthin’ to drink?’ said the stranger. ‘No, thank you, I don’t drink,’ replied Tom. ‘Well, then I’ll introduce myself,’ said the man. ‘I’m Hank Pike, formerly captain in the Missouri Independent Rangers, C. S. A., and an older brother of one of the boys you rounded up in the street here a few weeks ago.

“‘They were takin’ on a good deal about it when they got back, and I said shut up your cryin’, boys, an’ some day, after we get the blue grass cut an’ taken care of, Cap’n Hank’ll saddle his best hoss an’ ride over and slap the face of that big Yank from Michigan.

“‘So I’ve rode in from Ozark range to have a little settlement with you. There’s one thing I’m mighty sorry about, an’ that is that your father probably came from the same country across the sea as my mother (God rest her soul in peace), who was born in good old county Sligo, Ireland, an’ if I was going to bet I’d wager that your father was from county Tipperary, but that is a long way off an’ has nuthin’ to do with our matter.

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* “‘I served on the losin’ side in the late war, but Bob Lee was a gentleman, an’ a soldier, while old Grant—

“He did not finish, for Tom, quick as a flash, gave him a side-winder with the flat of his hand that must have made him think that a Missouri mule had kicked him. Cap’n Hank staggered a little dropped his head an’ made a dive to catch Tom below the belt, but Sergt. O’Hara was quicker than greased lightning and he reached over and caught Cap’n Hank by the seat of his pants an’ lifted him off his feet.

“The two went down together, and rolled clear across the room. Then they struggled to their feet together, and had it around the room. Chairs were smashed, card tables tipped over, and not a word out of either, and the bystanders holding their breath. At the end of 15 or 20 minutes the Missouri ranger was lying flat on his back, gasping for breath, and Tom O’Hara was sitting across him, the fellow’s arms held down by his knees and his left hand at the man’s throat.

“Cap’n Hank, late of the C. S. A., realized that he was again on the losing side. So he said, ‘I surrender,’ and when Tom let him up he grasped his hand and said, ‘You are the squarest fighter I ever met, an’ I’d be willin’ to bet any amount that your father was a county Sligo man, too.

“The news of this encounter spread far and near, and made Tom famous, and aided him ma-

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terially in cleaning up the town and making it a decent, law abiding place. When Tom had served his year out, we decided to shake the red clay dust of Missouri from our feet, and we returned to good old Michigan with money enough to start in life."

BACK TO MALLORYVILLE.

The next day the Major left our train at Malloryville. Before leaving the car, he bade us all good bye and remarked:

"Tonight I'll be in the old home, thank God, and sleep in a bed that is not inhabited by fleas. Tomorrow evening, I'll go down to Tom O'Hara's store and as we eat a few Greenings and Northern Spys, we will talk about the days long gone.

"In a few years the bugle will sound for the last roll call, and then my son will see that I'm laid alongside of his mother—the noblest woman and truest, tenderest wife that ever lived. Then, 'taps!'"

Strange Case of Geo. Murdstone

Strange Case of Geo. Murdstone

IT was a fine April day not many years ago that I was a passenger on a New York Central train that was speeding along the beautiful and historic Mohawk valley. I was particularly fortunate in having as my companion a reverend gentleman who tells a story as entertainingly as he preaches eloquently, and as I am not going to mention his name will add that he exemplifies in his daily life the truths he so forcefully presents to his hearers on the Sabbath.

He enjoys a good cigar, too, which adds so much to the sociability of a traveling companion and so far as I see does no harm. On this particular afternoon we enjoyed our cigars while the clergyman entertained with stories both grave and gay.

After we had lighted our second "Pink of Perfection," he told the story of George Murdstone, a volunteer soldier in the War of the Rebellion.

The reverend gentleman has made several trips to foreign countries, and on the occasion of one many years ago, he spent several weeks in Lon-

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don, putting up at the Royal Crescent Inn. Possibly I haven't gotten the name of the hostelry just right, but I am sure it was a "Royal" something.

One day as he was leaving his room he was met by the housekeeper who said that as he was from the United States she desired to tell him a little of her life with a view of asking him to help if he could to solve a mystery connected with it.

HER STORY.

"My name is Mary Murdstone. I formerly lived in the United States near Detroit.

"When 17 years old I married a man by the name of George Murdstone. He was two or three years older than I and a handsomer young fellow was never seen. In less than a year the Civil War broke out and my George volunteered.

"It almost broke my heart to have him leave me, but I can tell you that I was proud of him when I saw him marching away with his company, the most soldierly looking one in the ranks.

"His letters came regularly and I fairly lived on them.

"After Fair Oaks he was promoted to corporal, and he wrote me that he meant to come home wearing shoulder straps.

"I have forgotten the names of many of the great battles he participated in. I recall Bull

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Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.

"Oh, what days and nights of anguish!

"Gettysburg was the last in which my brave soldier husband fought.

"He wrote me the night before Pickett's charge, telling of the fierce fighting of the two days previous, and how he should sleep on his musket that night and dream of me and the little one that was sleeping in my arms.

"Days, weeks and months passed and not another word from him.

"I wrote to his captain, and after a time a reply came telling me that my husband had been missing since the afternoon of the third day's fighting.

"He was last seen carrying the colors of the regiment after two other color bearers had been shot down, and added that he was one of the bravest men in his company, and his conduct that day would have entitled him to a commission if he had survived.

"As his name was not among the list of killed I have not been without hope that I should at sometime hear from him."

And then she implored the American to take the matter up with the War Department, on his return to the United States and try and ascertain if there was any record of the death or discharge of George Murdstone.

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The clergyman said that he had been most favorably impressed with the woman as well as deeply touched by her pathetic story, and he assured her that he would do all in his power to learn if the army records could throw any light on the missing soldier.

FOUND IN LONDON.

Two or three days after listening to the story of Mrs. Murdstone the clergyman was visiting one of the famous art galleries of London and while strolling around he came upon a group standing before a painting representing the battle of Gettysburg. In the party were an elderly gentleman and his daughter. Their interest in the battle scene was intensified from the fact that a son of the man and a brother of the young lady, had given his life for his country in that famous battle.

The young lady said to her father "Oh, how terrible, father, to think of our Harry dying amid such scenes of carnage and suffering and not a loved one near."

The father was too deeply affected to make reply, and the bystanders looked on in sympathetic silence.

Finally a man who had stood a little apart from the party, but who had been looking at the painting and had overheard the conversation, turned to the father and daughter and said: "I

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beg your pardon for addressing you on a subject that is evidently so very painful to you, but as a participant in the scenes which the artist has so faithfully and vividly portrayed I feel that I am privileged to express my sympathy and offer a word of consolation."

All eyes were turned on the speaker, who it was evident had been a man who had seen better days. He was above medium height, and his clothing was of a shabby genteel order and his face colored by something besides outdoor exercise.

The father was interested and plied the man with questions which were answered in a manner which indicated more than ordinary intelligence as well as a knowledge of the subject.

"Ah," said the veteran, "no picture can be painted by human hands that can portray the various hues, the changing scenes, the horrors enacted on that great battlefield, the thunders of which are still reverberating through my memory. I hear the bugles, I see the Union banners, I see the gallant leaders sitting on their excited horses as they champ the restraining bits. I hear the thunder of artillery, the crash of musketry, the whizzing bullets, the commands of the officers, the cheers of the Union soldiers, the 'Rebel yell,' I see bloody faces, mangled bodies, I hear groans, curses and prayers, and much more that no one can conceive the hundredth part of, except he who has lived through such a wild tempest.

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"My regiment, the 26th Michigan, was in line just to the left of that clump of trees which was the objective point of Pickett's charge.

"We repelled three charges in 24 hours, and not a foot of our line was lost. There we stood, fought and beat back the foe, and I am proud I was there, and well you may be sir, that you gave a son on the battlefield where liberty and the equality of man was established."

The clergyman had noted that the speaker named the same regiment as Mrs. Murdstone had said her husband had been a member of, so when he had finished his description of the battle he touched him on the arm and asked him for a few moments' conversation. He then told him that he was interested in a former member of the regiment mentioned, and finally asked him if he knew a soldier by the name of George Murdstone.

He replied that he had known him well.

They had "marched side by side, had touched elbows on many a battlefield:" indeed he had been his most intimate comrade, "but poor fellow he received his death wound at Gettysburg."

The clergyman then told him about his meeting Mrs. Murdstone and asked the man if he would not go and tell her of her husband's death. The man assented and a meeting was arranged for the following day.

Promptly at the appointed time the man appeared and the two went to meet Mrs. Murd-

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stone, who had been apprised of a call from one who could clear up the mystery concerning her missing husband.

When the veteran was presented to her she turned deathly white, gasped, and then advanced towards him pillowing her head on his breast and sobbed: "George Murdstone, my long lost husband."

GEORGE MURDSTONE'S STORY.

That evening Murdstone related to the clergyman the story of his life after Gettysburg, and in doing so expressed the opinion that it would probably have been better if he had been killed by the shell that shocked him so that he was left on the battlefield for dead. Brain fever followed, and after his recovery he had been subject to fits of irrational conduct and was the victim of strange hallucinations, when for months he could hardly distinguish right from wrong.

He had been possessed with a mania for travel and had visited all quarters of the globe.

Little by little he had been dropping down through various degrees of respectability until he was an associate of disreputable persons of both sexes, and had long since given up trying to earn an honest shilling.

He said that he knew that he should not have gone to call on his wife, but he had wanted to see her once more, and had trusted that he had be-

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come so changed that she would not recognize him.

Our cigars had gone out during the recital of the story and as we relighted them the doctor of divinity said: "It would doubtless have been much better for Mrs. Murdstone if I had not found her worthless husband."

P. S.—If anybody should be curious enough to look over the muster rolls of the 26th Michigan, they would not find the name of George Murdstone. It is a fictitious one. I have also availed myself of a privilege accorded writers and have assigned the character to a different regiment than that to which he belonged. The story is, however, a true one.

Gypsy, My Red Roan

Gypsy, My Red Roan

NO, Gypsy didn't serve in the army during the Civil War, although he is something of a veteran.

What a war-horse he would have made though, with his fine proportions, muscular figure and wonderful powers of endurance. He is full of fire, yet tractable, and is endowed with an affection that would have endeared him to his rider on the long marches and in battle.

Many times when riding him, I have thought it would have been almost worth risking one's life to have ridden him in a charge, knee to knee, with a squadron of gallant troopers, with the bugles blowing, the pennons flying, the sabres glistening, and the artillery thundering; and then, if horse and rider had survived the storm of battle, to have rode behind the gallant Custer or the dashing Kilpatrick in the grand review at Washington, when 200,000 bronzed and battle-scarred veterans marched down Pennsylvania Avenue.

I think that Gypsy could be ridden right up to

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the muzzles of blazing cannon, for he is at his best when the bands are playing, the red fire burning, the rockets bursting and the cannon booming.

He has probably been in more G. A. R. parades than any horse in the country. In fact he has had an active part in all the big parades that have taken place in our city the past twenty years, and two years in succession he took first prize for the best saddle horse at the Jefferson County Fair.

Gypsy is not a trick horse by any means. He just knows things because it was born in him to know them.

Perhaps it is pure imagination, but when riding him out on a country road I have often thought he could interpret my very thoughts and desires, so far as they concerned him. Indeed, I am not sure but that the bridle reins are a transmitter of thought between horse and rider.

Did you ever get up at 5 in the morning, when nature is at its best, and take a canter of several miles out in the country, mounted on a horse who enjoyed the run as well as rider?

If you have never felt the intoxicating, delirious glow that comes to a rider at such times, take my word that you have missed something out of the ordinary.

Bicycles and automobiles—bah! Bring me my horse, my red roan, saddled and bridled. Something alive, something that can think, and we'll

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away from the noise and strife of the busy town, and as I sit astride my favorite steed, I'll hear the birds sing, and view the skies, the wooded hills, the fields, the tiny streams that wind through the meadows, and be at peace with God and man. Ah, how true it is that our greatest pleasures are not purchased with money.

The great satisfaction about riding Gypsy is that he enjoys it as much as his rider. Nothing suits him so well as a five mile run on a crisp October morning. He needs no whip or spur to make him take the bit.

GLORIOUS RIDES.

For several years when serving Brookside Cemetery as its president, I used to in the summer time, on an average of two or three mornings a week, take a ride out to that beautiful resting place of our dead, consult with Patrick Donahue, one of the best-hearted fellows, and most competent and obliging of superintendents, and be back home before half of the population of the town were out of their beds.

Glorious rides those! And most pleasant memories connected therewith.

My red roan knew where all the tender grasses and sweetest patches of clover grew by the way-side, and he had a cunning way of jerking the bridle reins to ask my permission to stop and taste them while sprinkled with the morning dew.

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He loved to wade in the brook where it crosses the roadway near the entrance to Brookside and then he and my noble dog, "Vic," who always accompanied us, would race for dear life to the top of the hill overlooking the city.

"Vic" was a swift runner a few years ago, but Gypsy was too fleet of foot for him and would always leave him behind on the home stretch.

Gypsy and Vic are almost inseparable and manifest their affection by kissing each others' noses. We have a large tiger cat named "Trif" that is fond of riding Gypsy around the yard, and at the sound of the roan's hoof-beats will run down the lane to meet him.

Occasionally somebody observes that Gypsy must be getting along in years. True, the numerals are piling up against him, but it matters not. He feels young; therefore, is young, and when under saddle he shows the same mettle and action as he did 20 years ago, when first I mounted him.

Yes, 20 years he has served us and as he was four or five years old when I purchased him, you can figure his present age pretty closely.

Few horses serve one family 20 years, and few, indeed, render such faithful, splendid service, or give so much pleasure to a family as Gypsy has. He drives hitched to a carriage as nicely as he acts with saddle and bridle.

The children that used to ride, drive and pet

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him in the past years have grown up and gone out into the world, and now Gypsy gives pleasure to the little grandchildren when they visit the old home. They all love him as did their parents before them and even the youngest are allowed to visit him in his box stall, and as they pat him and talk to him he looks around as if he understood their childish prattle.

Gypsy is an Indian pony and like an Indian, he never forgets anything.

If it were not for the fear of wearying the readers who may not be interested in the roan as I am, I might relate innumerable incidents illustrating his marvelous memory and wonderful sagacity.

Right here, I am going to tell of a little incident connected with a fishing trip. For next to riding horseback the owner of the roan likes to feel the electric thrill that a black bass will send along his fishing rod when he has a two-pounder securely hooked.

Well, one nice summer's day, a few years ago, the writer was out on the shoals between Campbell's Point and the government pumping station, and his companion that day was a certain "D. D.," who tells a good story and likes to go fishing as well as a lawman.

We had left Gypsy in the little barn at the station, where, on many other occasions, he had waited patiently for his master. Along about 3,

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when the bass were running on the shoals, I happened to look up and saw a horse that looked very much like the red roan, running like mad down the road toward Sackets Harbor. It was evident Gypsy had escaped and was going home and leave us to walk. But there was no use of our trying to catch him, so we lighted another cigar, attended to our fishing and now and then landed a black bass.

Imagine our surprise when we went ashore that night, to find the roan all secure in the stable. It was true that he had escaped and had his fun and frolic, even going almost up to the village. Several tried to catch him, but his heels would go up in the air when they came near and away he would run. When they let him alone he ate grass by the roadside until satisfied, and then meekly trotted back down to the little stable on the point, was secured and as he heard my footsteps coming up from the landing, he gave me the usual welcoming whinny, and to this day I have been puzzled in my mind to know if he really understood that it was his duty to come back and wait for his master. Who can answer?

In years past we have had many offers to part with him. I remember one day, about ten years ago, a gentleman came into my place of business and gave me his card—General So-an-So, from a city in our state. He said, "I saw you riding a roan horse through the Square last evening

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and I want to purchase him for my son. I have been told that you are attached to him and will not part with him for what he is worth, but never mind his value, tell me what consideration will tempt you to sell him."

And the answer was: "He is one of the family and so long as the family can provide for him, and his life is spared, he will eat hay and oats at 20 Winslow street."

Gypsy is just a horse, but—

Fighting Their Old Battles O'er

Fighting Their Old Battles O'er

ON a pleasant June afternoon not many years ago, the writer drove several miles along a sparsely settled road, intending to catch a train at the station of a little town less than a hundred miles from Watertown. The warmth of the day, the scent of clover and flowering shrubs, the song of birds that filled the air, the enchantment of nature unadorned on every hand so bewitched the driver that the horse was allowed to grow lazy, while the driver mused and the train connection was missed.

Now there are many worse things that can happen to one than to be stranded at a good old-fashioned, well-kept country tavern where the landlord personally looks after his guests' comfort and entertainment. Everything around an old tavern is so democratic that it takes one back to other days when the pace was not as swift and one decent, respectable man was quite as good as another if he did not have as much wealth.

The supper table at the country tavern was loaded with things good to eat and one was not

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bothered with a bill of fare printed in the Italian language. Let's see, there was picked-up codfish with real cream, baked potatoes, cold roast beef, hot biscuit such as mother used to make, butter colored with June grass, maple syrup, strawberry short cake, cookies with caraway seeds, two kinds of cake, with a choice of tea, coffee and milk.

Opposite the writer was a gentleman minus one arm. He looked across the table, smiled and said, "Comrade, it makes me regret the loss of an arm when I sit down to an abundance of good things to eat such as we have here."

"What regiment?" he inquired.

"Oh, the Second New York."

"Why, then we were neighbors in Hancock's old Second Corps. My regiment was the—Seventh New York, Third Brigade, First Division." Continuing he said: "I am a Boston man, but was reared in good old York State. Part of the Company I had the honor to command came from up in this section. Having business near here I have stopped off to look up some of my boys. The landlord has sent out about a mile to bring in my old first sergeant, who lost a leg at Gettysburg."

He arrived when we were smoking on the broad veranda in front of the tavern. His left leg was off close up to the body and he came up the steps with difficulty using both crutch and cane.

"Hello sergeant!" was the greeting of his old commander.

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The old sergeant, who it was plain to be seen had been every inch a soldier, straightened himself as best he could, balanced himself on his crutch, saluted and said: "The last time I saw you, Captain, was that hot July afternoon when I lay wounded on the field at Gettysburg and you propped my head up with an old blouse, gave me your canteen of water and left me as you thought to die. Thank God, I pulled through, though, and have lived to meet you face to face again."

The gentleman seemed much affected by the meeting with his old comrade, and said: "I remember that in my command were quite a number from this vicinity. They were splendid fellows, loyal to me and the cause. I could not let the opportunity pass without looking you up and asking for my boys if I cannot meet them all."

"Where is Joe Porter, sergeant?"

"Dead," was the response.

"What became of big Bill Ford and Albert Bishop, two of the best soldiers of the company, who marched in the first set of fours?"

"Both dead," said the sergeant. "Ford never fully recovered from his old wound and Bishop went all to pieces a few years after he come home."

"Sergeant Ormiston got a couple of wounds in the assault of Petersburg. Is he alive?"

"No, lived for nearly 25 years and suffered every minute and was then mustered out."

"Where is old 'Cy' Bateman, the company cook?"

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"Dead, too," replied the sergeant.

"We all remember little Billy Wilson, full of his capers in camp, but one of the jolliest and bravest soldiers at the front. I have particular reason to remember him, for to him more than any other I owe my life. He would not leave me when I lay desperately wounded on the field at Ream's Station and our troops had to abandon their position. He with the aid of another carried me back to the surgeons, who gave me prompt attention and saved my life. I have often thought of him and wondered if he was still living."

"He is out there in the cemetery with the rest of the boys," said the sergeant.

"Then there was Ben Hudson, the drollest of mortals. Always insisted on tenting alone. Never laughed at a joke, whistled or sang a song. Good soldier, though, and under his stern exterior must have had a tender heart. Always had water in his canteen for the sick and the wounded ones. And don't you remember how he was always carrying little Will Whitney's traps on the march? Ben always had money too, and the boys could always get a loan of a dollar if Ben thought they were square.

"Poor old Ben got the wound that settled him the same afternoon that you were hit. When the boys found him that night he had just life enough to ask if the Rebs were whipped, and when someone replied 'Yes,' he murmured, 'I'm satisfied,' and those were his last words."

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And so the roll was gone over by the captain and his old sergeant and of the 25 or 30 young men from that village and vicinity who had served under the captain, nearly all had answered the last roll call. The bystanders had ceased their talking and were listening with respectful and sympathetic interest to the two veterans.

Then a big, sturdy log driver, who knew something of hardship, comradeship and danger, said: "Say, I want to treat you old vets. I do. All hands come up and take suthin'."

The veterans didn't drink, and took cigars, and out of respect to them all the others followed their example, and then settled back in their chairs while the men who knew what real war was resumed their talk about forced marches in Virginia mud, picket duty and the skirmish line; forts, redoubts, cannon, muskets, swords, the charge, the repulse, hard tack, bugle and drum calls, rifle pits and other warlike things.

The whistle of the evening train called the writer and so he left them fighting their old battles o'er.

Six Soldiers with Seven Legs Off

Six Soldiers with Seven Legs Off

SEVERAL years ago our city was honored by a visit from Gen. Tanner, the commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic and ex-commissioner of pensions. He addressed a large audience in the opera house in the afternoon, and "told stories" for over two hours at the same place in the evening. Those who heard the famous corporal will recall how his eloquence thrilled his hearers, moving them from tears to smiles and from smiles to tears.

At the close of the evening meeting he asked some of the "old boys" to accompany him to his hotel "for," said the general, "I cannot sleep until along towards morning, because of my aching feet (He had lost them both at Bull Run), and you fellows have got to go and sit up with me, and while we smoke a few cigars we'll tell a story or two."

Comrade Tanner told one story that I shall never forget, and I wish I might tell it to the reader as he told it to us that night. It was a wonderful story of a comrade's love and revealed

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the great big, warm heart of "Corporal Jim Tanner," who has done so much for his old comrades.

Corporal Tanner was a member of a famous New York regiment, the 40th New York Infantry, known throughout the army as the "Mozarts." Col. Tom Eagan was their commander, and the "Mozarts" under the leadership of their gallant colonel achieved an enviable reputation as fighters and the history of the regiment is resplendent with deeds of valor and devotion to the cause. The "Mozarts" served in Gen. Phil Kearney's Division, and were with him when he was killed at Chantilly, which was the closing scene in that disastrous affair—the second battle of Bull Run, where Pope's forces were defeated in a several days' contest and had to retire to the defences of Washington.

Corporal Tanner was wounded at the second Bull Run, while his regiment was supporting a battery of light artillery. He told how they lay there for a long time watching the shells in the air, and speculating on the probability of being hit by one. When the Johnnies got the range many did get hit, and after a time it came Tanner's turn. He said that he had just thrown one foot over the other to ease his position and had always regretted the act, for immediately after a shell exploded right over the line where he was lying, and he knew that something had happened

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to him, but did not realize to what extent until one of his comrades exclaimed:

"For God's sake! look, boys, Jim Tanner has had both feet torn off!"

Then they unrolled a blanket and placed him upon it and, as they lifted him up to carry him back to the surgeons, one of the boys said "hold a minute!" He had noticed one of Tanner's feet dangling over the edge of the blanket, held only by a few shreds of skin. The comrade placed the foot on the blanket, wiped the blood from his hands on its edge and remarked: "Poor Jim's marching days are over."

The corporal said that more than 30 years afterwards a man walked into his office in Washington and said "My name is Curtis. I'm the man that lifted your foot on the blanket at Bull Run, and I want your help in a little matter. I am postmaster of my town out west and want to serve another term so as to pay off the mortgage on my home, but another man—not an old soldier—has got his eye on the job, and I'm afraid he'll get it unless I can get you to help me. Will you?"

Corporal Tanner said that the man who soiled his hands in his blood held the postoffice another term.

HORRORS OF WAR.

Who can picture the horrors of a battlefield

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after the tempest is o'er. What pen can tell half the sufferings of the battle-smoked, thirsty, hungry, wounded men, lying helpless on the ground, begging for water, for surgeons and praying that they may live to see loved ones again. Who can tell of the anguish of those who, their last fight ended, closed their eyes and sank to rest before help could reach them. The half can never be told, and it is too painful in its remembrances to dwell upon at any length. Comrade Tanner related to us his experiences the day after his wound. How that six of them with seven legs off lay there under the shelter of a tent fly; of the awful thirst and craving for something tart that comes from the fevered condition of the wounded. Near their tent was an old apple tree. Gladly would they have signed away a month's pay for one of the apples lying on the ground beneath the tree. Finally a comrade lying outside the tent, who had a wound in the side, said:

"Boys, I will try and crawl out under that tree and get some of those apples for you."

He crawled out there, a few inches at a time, for the wounded side must be kept up, and filled his pockets and his shirt front with the apples; then returned to his comrades, and passed the little worm-eaten fruit in to those more helpless than he.

"Never did anything taste so good," said Tanner. "But," he continued, "that noble fellow died

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at the side of our tent before the rising of another sun. 'And of such are the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

SMITH, ONE OF THE SIX.

Corporal Tanner told us how another one of his companions of the Bull Run battlefield came into his life in after years. The name wasn't Smith, but it will answer for the purpose of this article. Tanner said many years after the war he addressed a great tent meeting held at one of the famous seacoast resorts in Massachusetts. The day was hot and, being very much exhausted, he quietly got out of the crowd after the meeting was over, and went and sat on the beach that the ocean breezes might revive him.

After he had been there a while he noticed a man approaching. He wore a Grand Army hat, and used a crutch in place of a missing leg. The veteran approached Tanner, saluted and said:

"Corporal, I have come a good many miles to hear you speak to day and I couldn't go back home without shaking your hand and telling you that I lay at your side in that hospital tent at Bull Run."

Tanner observed to us that he had at various times met about two dozen who had claimed to be one of the six, and that in most every instance the request for a small loan had followed the claim. But this man impressed him as being genuine, so he held out his hand and told him how glad he

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was to meet him. The man's eye moistened a little as he said:

"Yes, I've got an old diary maybe you'd be glad to see. Don't know as I'd thought to bring it, if it hadn't been for my wife. She brought it from out of one of her bureau drawers as I was getting ready and said: 'George, take this and show to the corporal, if he don't think you were with him that day.' "

"I grasped it eagerly," said Tanner, "and opened it under the date of September 3, 1862, and there scrawled, as though written with great effort, was: 'Corporal Tanner of a New York regiment, who is lying next to me, had both feet amputated yesterday. Doctor thinks he won't live but a day or two.'

"I needed no further evidence. The man was genuine.

"I arose, threw my arms around his neck, and then we sat down on the beach and exchanged reminiscences of the long ago."

THE CORPORAL REMEMBERS HIS COMRADE.

A few years later Corporal Tanner was appointed commissioner of pensions, and he said that, so far as possible, he tried to remember all of his old comrades in making appointments in his department. One day as he sat in his office he thought of "George Smith," and wondered if he had a position that he would like and could

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fill. That night he dispatched a letter to a prominent man of the town in which Smith lived, asking as to his qualifications. The reply was prompt and satisfactory, and then he wrote for "Smith" to come to Washington and be prepared to stay.

One day he appeared at Tanner's office, and the Corporal said: "Comrade, I have sent for you to offer you the position of doorkeeper, a position that carries good pay and your duty will be to sit there in an easy chair and watch carefully that the door does not fall off the hinges."

Tanner said that Smith was one of the happiest mortals he ever saw, and that a greater part of his salary was sent back to Massachusetts. A home was purchased on the installment plan. The good wife had a Sunday bonnet and dress, and the little "Smiths" had shoes to wear and plenty of butter on their bread. It was the first time that fortune had ever smiled on "Smith," and he said it was too good to last.

WHEN THE "OUTS" CAME "IN."

Under Cleveland's administration the "ins went out" and the "outs went in," and Corporal Tanner handed over the affairs of the pension office to his successor. Tanner said that "Smith," the door keeper, predicted that he would have to go, too, but Tanner said: "You just sit there, old boy, watch the door, as I told you, and draw pay as long as you can."

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A few months after Tanner retired from the pension office, a shadow came across his open door way one day, and looking up he saw his old comrade, and on his face was, "a look of despair that made me heart-sick," said Tanner.

"For God's sake, tell me what is the matter. He could not speak, but hobbling into my office he dropped into a chair and, leaning his head over on his hands, sobbed as if his heart would break. When he could control himself, he pulled from his coat pocket an official notice that he was no longer on the pay roll of the pension department. I looked the paper over carefully and saw that there were no charges, no cause assigned—just simply dropped.

"Smith was crushed; I was aroused and mad clear through. I got up, put on my coat and hat and said to the man who had lain at my side on the Bull Run battlefield, 'Cheer up, old boy, Jim Tanner will take a hand in this fight and perhaps we'll turn defeat into victory, as we did in the long ago.'

"I left him weeping and walked down across the street to the pension office. The Secretary of the Interior, since Governor of Georgia, was closeted with somebody in his private office and in the waiting room was a dozen or more ahead of me. I seated myself and waited, and thought what I should say.

"The Secretary soon appeared and, seeing me,

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came forward and greeted me with genuine Southern cordiality, for he is a most agreeable and polished gentleman. What could he do for me? When I pointed to those waiting and said that I would take my turn he courteously said:

“‘You are first on my waiting list.’

“He led the way to his private office, rolled around two easy chairs and motioned me to one. But I thanked him and said that what I wanted to tell him could best be said standing. I want to talk to you as plain Corporal Tanner today, and prefer to stand before you as man to man, where I can look you in the eye.

“I apologized for taking his valuable time to listen to reminiscences, but said that I was going to ask him to hear me while I related a war story.

“‘My time is at your service, corporal, and I shall be pleased to hear your story,’ he replied.

“It was probably when you were a little boy, I said, that a great battle, lasting three or four days, was fought so near this city that the booming of the artillery and even the roar of musketry was heard at the capitol. I related the story of the battle as I remembered it—and God knows I will never forget, for the incidents are graven on my memory with an iron pen, dipped in human blood.

“I told him of my wound, of the six of us with seven legs off lying on the ground the next day; of our agonizing thirst, of the man probably

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sacrificing his life to crawl out and get a few worm-eaten apples for us, of my finding one of my companions in after years and appointing him to a position in the pension office, and sir, that man is sitting at this time in my office, crushed and broken-hearted, and unless somebody takes up the fight for him—for he is too modest to speak for himself—will go back to his little home in Massachusetts, give up the fight and perhaps end his days in a poor house, all because you have turned him out of the department. I wiped the perspiration from my forehead and waited for him to reply, and what he said did him credit.

“His eyes were moist with tears as he said:

“‘I have no apology to make for being born south of the Mason and Dixon line, and it is more than probable that had I been old enough to bear arms I should have been with Lee and Stonewall Jackson at Bull Run, and on other great battlefields of the sixties.

“‘Those were stirring days, and I place on the highest pedestal of my esteem the men who stood up manfully and battled for what they believed was right. This applies to the men who wore the blue as well as those who wore the gray, and when there passes in the street a body of Grand Army men I always stand uncovered.

“‘God knows that I would not intentionally do one of them an injustice, and I can only say

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that in this matter there is some unintentional mistake.'

"As he paused, I pulled from my pocket the dismissal of my old comrade and, holding it before him said, 'you signed it?'

" 'Yes,' he replied, 'but I signed it just as you doubtless signed many papers when commissioner, scarcely knowing their contents, but accepting the assurance of your subordinates that they were all right.'

"He then picked up a card bearing his name and making a memorandum on the back of it, said: 'Take this back to your comrade and tell him to present it at the department tomorrow and I will attend to his reinstatement.'

"I thanked him, and then made my way back to my office as fast as two wooden legs would carry me. My comrade was sitting by the table with his face buried on his arms the picture of despair.

" 'Dry your tears, old fellow,' I said, 'brace up and be a man again. Hoke Smith wants you to hang your hat up in the pension office in the morning, and go to drawing pay again—And say, 'Smithy,' mind that you keep a good watch on that door and see that it doesn't fall off its hinges.' "

The Grand Review

The Grand Review

“**W**HAT did they do with all the soldiers, grandpa, when the big war was over?”

“It was indeed a problem little ones, how to dissolve an army of over a million soldiers, and send them back into the paths of peace and quiet citizenship. But the end came at last. Four years of war were over. The last long march had been taken. No more lying behind the hastily thrown up breastworks, listening to the booming cannon, screaming shells and waiting for the command ‘forward!’ No more rumbling of the artillery along the roads. No clanking of ‘sabres as the cavalry dashed by. No bugle calls. No noise of fife and drum. All was stilled. A stillness that might almost startle one after all the awful din of war for four years. But the end had come and the President and his cabinet, the senators and representatives of the people at Washington wanted to look on the mighty hosts that had saved their country from dissolution.

“So the great armies of Grant, Sheridan and

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Sherman, were assembled at Washington for the purpose of holding a grand review before their discharge."

"Was you there, grandpa, and did you carry your old drum?"

"Yes, children, we were right in it at the head of the old 1st Division, 2nd Corps, with their tattered battleflags, with the smoke and scars of every battle fought by the Army of the Potomac upon them.

"Ah, but it was thrilling, and I have always been proud that I was there with those bronzed and battle-scarred veterans. Of course I was nothing but a little drummer boy. I had never fired a shot at the enemy, captured a battleflag or cannon, but I had been with a regiment nearly four years that had done its share of fighting, and whose rating in the average losses of killed and wounded was, as I remember, in the fourth or fifth class among the 2,000 or more organizations.

"I had been with them from Bull Run to Appomattox, had obeyed every order and performed every duty assigned me, therefore I felt that I had earned the right to march with them in the great review.

"I had been on duty as a clerk at division headquarters for two or three weeks with a horse to ride, extra rations, pleasant surroundings, and could have rode in the review in grand style, but the day before the great event I was over to the

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regiment to see the boys and several of them said: 'Your place is in the ranks with us tomorrow. Come over in the morning with your drum and march with the old boys who love you.'

"That settled it, and I marched that day with those whom I had tramped with on so many long and weary marches.

"They massed all the drummer boys of our division at the head of the line, making a drum corps of about a hundred, and when we rattled off 'Yankee Doodle,' 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' and 'When Johnnie Comes Marching Home,' we just lifted the old 'Vets' right off their feet.

"Talk about marching, those old boys of the sixties knew how to do it. They had the easy swing that had been acquired by years of practice on the long marches through the South.

"The morning of the review dawned bright and beautiful. The air was redolent with the perfume of May flowers. The birds seemed to understand that something of great importance was at hand, and each little warbler tried to out do the other. The world seemed full of song and joy. The shadow of the battles was lifted. The brave dead who had given their lives in the conflict were glorified and not forgotten in the day of rejoicing.

NO DRESS PARADE AFFAIR.

"The boys had tried to fix up for the grand march and review. But poor fellows, they had a

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hard time. Their beautiful blue uniforms were faded and worn to shreds. Some had caps, others hats. Their pants were frayed at the bottoms, and some had cut off the rags and their legs were partly bare from the knees down. Many had no socks and their shoes were nearly worn out. Their guns were rusty and showed the effect of much service.

"The officers who had marched out of Washington in their showy uniforms with gold braid and glittering insignias of rank were now without their brilliant decorations, and many of the great leaders by their dress, could hardly be distinguished from the men in the ranks.

"Beautiful and grand Pennsylvania Avenue never saw such a motley crowd before, and certainly never since. From the Capitol to the United States Treasury is a mile or more of broad straight roadway. It is one of the finest thoroughfares in the country for a parade of large bodies of soldiery.

"At that time, however, it was paved with cobblestones, and great ruts had been worn by constant passing of heavy army wagons, cannon, cavalry horses and the tramping of thousands and thousands of soldiers for four years.

"The troops who had been assembled at Washington to participate in the review, mostly went into camp on the Virginia side of the Potomac. They had tramped back across Virginia from Ap-

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pomattox, and Sherman's Army came from the Carolinas.

FOOTSORE BUT LIGHT HEARTED.

"They were footsore, ragged and dusty as I have stated, but they were light hearted. They had been victorious in a great war for the right and were bringing the stars and stripes back without dishonor.

"We crossed over the famous Long Bridge early the morning of the review. To the Army of the Potomac was accorded the honor of appearing the first day. The line was formed east of the Capitol.

"Thousands and thousands of people had been pouring into Washington for many days to be present at the review.

"The buildings were almost covered with bunting and flags. Children were massed on all sides of the Capitol waving tiny flags and shouting glad songs of triumph as the soldiers marched along. Many hundred brass bands and drum corps all added their joyous melody to the shouts and cheers of the multitudes who not only packed the streets but covered every building and house top where it was possible for a person to maintain a position.

"On the Avenue where the troops marched, mounted cavalymen with drawn sabres had hard work to keep a passageway open for the victorious hosts.

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"On, on, they marched, all day long. Regiment after regiment of infantry, many of them, however, but mere skeletons of what they had been in point of numbers when they had been in Washington before.

"All the famous generals rode at the head of their commands.

"The cannon that had thundered at Bull Run and Gettysburg. The cannon that had supported the boys in blue at Malvern Hill, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor. Cannon that had battered down the earthworks of the enemy at Petersburg were there that day.

"Then there was the clatter of thousands of iron shod war horses and the clanking of sabres as regiments and squadrons of cavalry rode by.

ROUGH RIDERS, TOO.

"Rough riders and rough fighters, were those old boys of the sixties, who had followed Sheridan, Kilpatrick, Merritt and Crook, and riding with them was the dashing Custer with his flaming red neck-tie. He rode a fiery war horse too, that became unmanageable with the hurraing and excitement of the occasion and he ran away with the handsome warrior. Down the Avenue he went like mad for quite half a mile, past the reviewing stand, Custer's long hair streaming out over his shoulders, but finally he subdued his charger and rode back to the stand, faced

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his horse to the President and other dignitaries, gracefully saluted and then galloped down the line while cheers rent the air.

STILL OLD GLORY.

"The shot-riddled battleflags in the lines evoked cheers from the multitudes that fairly drowned the music of bands at times.

"The once beautiful, silken banners were now tattered and torn by bullets and shell. Blood-stained, smoke-begrimmed, many of them scarcely more than pieces of narrow ribbon, the colors dim, but they were Old Glory still; and as these old flags, proudly born aloft by the brave color bearers who had carried them amidst shot and shell, passed along, ladies and little girls rushed into the street, strewed the roadway with flowers and placed wreaths over the heads of the color bearers."

"Didn't the drummer boys get any flowers, grandpa?"

"Ah, yes. All had flowers strewn in their pathway, and many received wreaths and bouquets; but the great heroes with the multitudes were the men that had brought back the old tattered battle flags.

"At the United States Treasury building, a thousand or more children were singing songs of gladness, and suspended across the street was a great banner on which was painted, 'The Only

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Debt We Can Never Pay Is The One We Owe Our Brave Soldiers and Sailors.'

"The reviewing stand was near the White House and was occupied by the President and Cabinet, Senators, Members of Congress, many of the great War Governors and other distinguished people."

LINCOLN ABSENT.

"Grandpa, was Lincoln and his little boy there?"

"Ah, no, my dear children. Lincoln was not there. Not many weeks before a very bad man shot President Lincoln while he was at a theatre with his wife and friends beside him; and he fell a martyr to the cause of Liberty and Union, the same as the thousands of brave boys who died on the battlefields.

"Oh, he was a grand man, and it seemed as though God had been preparing Lincoln all the years before for just this crisis. But the bullet of the assassin caused his death just as the victory was won.

"It was Lincoln that wrote the Emancipation Proclamation that gave freedom to 4,000,000 human beings that were held in bondage; and the hearts of the boys in blue, while full of joy that the war was over, were sadly bowed with grief as they thought of Lincoln, the man that was always the soldiers' friend.

"We marched past the reviewing stand, down

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the Avenue, through Georgetown, across the Potomac, back to our Virginia camp, a tired, but happy lot of boys in blue, for soon we should go home to stay and not on a few days' furlough.

SHERMAN'S ARMY.

"General Sherman and his grand army that had marched to the Sea had the right of way down Pennsylvania Avenue the next day. And right here I want to say that few people have any idea of the vast length of road required by an army in motion.

"One hundred thousand soldiers with the cavalry, artillery and needed baggage wagons will occupy to its capacity quite fifty miles of road in marching through a country.

"The day dawned bright and beautiful for 'Uncle Billy' Sherman's boys, and this day the boys of the Army of the Potomac could stand with the crowd and see the great Army of the West march by.

"Well I was there to look on, I can assure you. And such a sight I never expect to witness again.

"I had seen many reviews during my service. They had always delighted my boyish fancy, and to this day nothing thrills me like the movements of large bodies of soldiery, but the parades of the soldiers of the Union Armies at the close of hostilities eclipsed all other pageants. Here was the glorious reality of war; the bronzed faces of

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200,000 warriors; the faded and well worn uniforms; the tattered flags; the artillery; the cavalry, the officers who had led their men right up to flaming guns. Oh, it was glorious, and the long years have scarcely dimmed the impressions that the scene made on me.

"One hundred thousand brave men marched the second day, but no attempt had been made by them to slick up for the occasion. General Sherman desired that the people who had never seen an army on the march should see one just as it really and truly was; and the hosts that had gathered at Washington to witness the review saw Sherman and his army march down Pennsylvania Avenue just as they looked while 'Marching Through Georgia.'

"Many contrabands had attached themselves to Sherman's Army and they were in the parade too. Both men and women. Slaves of wealthy Southerners, and when they left the old plantations they had appropriated many things that had belonged to old 'Marse' and 'Missis'.

"It was a funny sight to see women as black as coal dressed in a white or some light colored dress that may have been too short and exposing their stockingless ankles, and their big, flat feet encased in coarse, well-worn brogans that some soldier had thrown away.

"Many of them wore gorgeous flower-trimmed hats and carried dainty little sun shades. Ole

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Marse's young Missis had carried them, and they just borrowed some of their finery to dress up with when they should reach the 'Happy Land O' Freedom.'

"Little, half naked pickaninnies ran along by the side of their finely arrayed mamas. There were great, buxom negroes riding astride an ox or cow that was often hitched with rope to a two-wheeled cart such as are often seen in the South to-day.

"There were many white-haired and bowed-down negro men and women, just hobbling along, but they were happy. 'Yes, honey, we's got our freedom an' we's so happy.'

THE MEN WHO FOUGHT IN THE CLOUDS.

"The dear old stars and stripes, carried by Sherman's men were tattered and torn as on the preceding day, and shouts and cheers never ceased as the men marched by who had stormed Missionary Ridge, had held the fort at Altoona Pass, who had fought with Joe Hooker in the clouds at Lookout Mountain, had won victory after victory and marched to the Sea.

"Oh, what a two days! It was worth going through a great war to have been there—indeed, I am not sure but that it was worth a year or two of one's life to have been recorded one of that victorious host that marched in the grandest review that ever took place on American soil.

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"But that night as the soldiers closed their eyes in their little shelter tents over in Virginia, they could see visions of thousands and thousands of boys in blue who had marched with them across the Potomac on the way south that were then sleeping in nameless graves on the great battlefields, but their souls were marching on in the grand review before the throne of God."

"Did the soldiers all go home the next day, grandpa?"

"My, no. It took weeks and months to muster out and disperse that great army. They left, a few regiments, every day, as fast as the railroads could furnish cars to carry them. And mind you they didn't send them home in palace cars either. Many regiments had nothing better than freight cars without even a seat. It was nearly five months after the grand review before our regiment left for home and there was never a happier lot of soldiers, I can tell you, than the boys of the Second Heavy, when they slung their blankets over their shoulders and shook the soil of old Virginia from their feet."

Whistling Pete

Whistling Pete*

“**S**AY, grandpa, tell us about Whistling Pete, the drummer boy from the Bowery.”

“It seems, children, that Pete is a favorite of yours, for you never ask for a war story without a request for something about him.

“Pete came to our regiment with a New York City company as their drummer boy. He had been a news boy on the Bowery. No father, no mother, just a little forsaken fellow, selling papers to get something to eat, and his lodging places were boxes and the carts that the draymen leave out in the streets nights.

“Probably Pete had never been in a church or Sunday School room, for the Bowery Missions were not as plentiful in those days; and then as Pete said: ‘Sunday was my best paper day.’

“There was nothing very bad about Pete, how-

* Perhaps a word of apology is due to the readers of “Drum Taps in Dixie,” for the reappearance of Pete Boyle. But a story about the drum corps of the 2d New York without the Bowery drummer boy would be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Possibly some will like to read about him again just as my grandchildren like to hear their favorite stories over and over. If not they can skip “Whistling Pete.”—*The Author.*

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ever. He was full of fun, and was forever cutting up some boyish pranks, but he was truthful. Said his mother told him the day she died to be 'square.'

"Then Pete was always happy, singing, dancing and whistling, and as a whistler he was certainly a wonder.

"He used to entertain great crowds around the camp fires evenings, and was a great favorite with everybody.

"Well, one day, many years after the close of the war, I was in New York. As I crossed City Hall Park late in the afternoon one day, I saw a man about my own age sitting on one of the Park seats. The particular thing about him that caught my eye was a red clover-shaped badge that was fastened on the lapel of his coat.

"To one that was with General Hancock at Gettysburg, and followed the Second Corps headquarters flag from the Rapidan to Appomattox, tender memories are evoked when the old clover leaf emblem is seen. So I thought I would like to know something about the veteran who had evidently belonged to my old corps. I reached out my hand and said, 'how are you old Second Corps.'

"Veterans get acquainted pretty easy, and after the exchange of a few reminiscences of a general nature, the fact was revealed that we had been members of the same regiment, and my chance acquaintance was none other than 'Whistling Pete'

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Boyle, a member of our old Second Heavy drum corps.

"What a visit we did have about other days. About sad days and happy ones.

"Pete laughed heartily as he inquired 'if I remembered the trip over into Maryland to attend a town Fair.'

"I surely did for we had a glorious time and it was such a delightful break in the routine of a soldier's life in those strenuous days.

"It was a town Fair, held in a beautiful and prosperous section not many miles from the City of Washington. All the people for many miles turned in and made the most of it.

"The Drum Corps of the 2nd New York was engaged as one of the star attractions, and if I do say it, they made no mistake in the selection for we were a trim looking lot of youngsters in our natty uniforms, and when it came to making music we didn't have to side step for any of them.

"Our outing at the Maryland Fair came about because our adjutant had married the daughter of Mrs. Southworth, the famous writer of those old time, fascinating stories, 'Ishmael,' 'The Hidden Hand,' 'The Changed Brides,' and others that used to charm the readers of the pages of the New York Ledger.

"Bonner's story paper is scarcely heard of now a days, but there are thousands and thousands of old boys and girls who will remember how eager-

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ly they used to wait for the 'Ledger' with its bewitching stories.

"Mrs. Southworth's home was just across the Potomac from our fort, on Georgetown heights. I had carried many love letters to her daughter from our adjutant, and the Southworth ladies had witnessed the dress parades of the 2nd Heavy a score or more of times so knew all about the music and the appearance of their smart Drum Corps, and through their telling about them to some friends out in the country we were excused from camp duties and allowed to go to an old fashioned Country Fair over in Maryland where they grow the most luscious peaches, sweet potatoes, squash and pumpkins; have the finest saddle horses and prettiest girls of any place I was ever in.

"Well, now, maybe we didn't enjoy the three days' respite from camp life, and then maybe we did. Yes, come to think about it I am sure that it was one of the brightest spots in our four years' war experience.

"The Maryland home where we were quartered, was nearly surrounded by a peach orchard. The fruit was just in its prime and the first morning there, we went out among the trees before breakfast, and ate the sweet, luscious fruit until we had to let out our waist-belts two or three notches.

"Yes, they had pink lemonade in those days too, and everything was free to us lads. It

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rather seems to me that we were pretty near running things before noon the first day.

PETE CAPTURED THEM.

"Pete captured them first with his whistling. He gave them, 'Listen to the Mocking Bird,' and, 'Way Down on the Suwane River' with variations, and then 'Dixie,' to tickle their Southern hearts, and after his performances Pete could have had anything from those Marylanders for the asking.

"Pete was the swell dresser of our corps. When we were around Washington he always had his clothes made over to a perfect fit, and his shoes were of the latest style, for he was very proud of his small feet.

"Pete's good looks, agreeable manners, smart clothes and various accomplishments captivated the pretty, young, country girls and after he had taken part in a 'Virginia Reel,' which gave him an opportunity to show off some of his fancy steps, that had been learned on the Bowery corners, he could have any of the girls for a partner.

"They were all watching him from out the corners of their bewitching, black eyes, but it was noticed that one in particular was his favorite.

"They danced together several numbers, and when they went waltzing around the platform with Pete's arm around her waist, the young lady's Maryland escort looked as though he would like to eat Pete up.

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"That afternoon our Pete made a hero of himself by riding a winning horse in one of the running races. He had been a helper on the tracks at Sheepshead Bay, down on Long Island, one or two seasons and could ride a horse as well as most of the jockeys.

"Pete's racing instincts were strong and he had made friends with the horsemen, and when a beautiful chestnut mare had thrown and injured her rider in a practice run in the morning, Pete had offered to take his place and that afternoon he rode the chestnut to victory which increased his popularity.

THE GREEN EYED MONSTER APPEARS.

"The next morning while we were out in the orchard stowing away more of those luscious peaches, a darky approached our party and asked for 'Mistah Boyle,' handing Pete a note which he read to us.

"It was worded about like this:

"'Mr. Peter Boyle, The young lady that you are so attentive to is a 'Secesh' sympathizer, and has a brother with Moseby, the rebel guerilla. As you are a Union soldier, I thought that you ought to know. A word to the wise is sufficient.'

"Pete gave the darky a quarter and said, 'You go tell the man that wrote this note that Pete Boyle said that if he was half a man he would be with the girl's brother. Tell him I think he is a

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sneak and a coward, and if he will come over in the orchard this afternoon, I will slap his face.'

"The darky looked at us for a full minute and said: 'Fo' de Lo'd sakes, boss, I reckon I bettah not tole dat to Marse Joe, he got a powerful tempah and he de boss of all de young fellahs 'roun here.'

"'All right, Sambo,' says Pete. 'You tell him just what I say.'

"The darky grinned and went away.

"That afternoon Pete was more devoted to the girl than ever, they made themselves conspicuous everywhere and I guess that she was a high strung beauty that Marse Joe couldn't boss.

"The darky brought Pete another note during the afternoon. It read, 'I will meet you in the peach orchard at 5 o'clock.'

"Of course we all went over with our Pete, and the Marylander brought three of his friends along.

"They stripped to the waist in true pugilistic style, and I confess that I was anxious about Pete when I saw what a great, big, athletic fellow the Marylander was physically, and half wished I was back at the camp and did not have to witness the encounter.

"Marse Joe looked fierce and our Pete all a smiling. When they got the word the Marylander made a spring at Pete who ducked his head and butted his big antagonist in his stomach and he slid over Pete's back. Then he got up and

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came furiously at the Bowery boy again, but Pete knew a lot of tricks that he had learned on the Bowery, and quick as a flash stepped aside, caught Marse Joe by the neck, whirled him around, tripped and threw him sprawling, sat on him slapped his face and then let him up.

"The fellow rushed at the Bowery boy again and the two sparred around for a few moments. Pete occasionally running in under the fellow's arms and giving him a tap. Finally Pete thought he had fooled with him long enough and landed a good, hard blow on the fellow's nose and mouth which staggered him and made the blood fly.

"The spectators on both sides now thought the affair had gone far enough and a stop was called.

"Pete offered to shake hands with his antagonist, but he sullenly declined and went away muttering threats.

"As he disappeared the darky who, unknown to us all, had been a witness to the affair from behind a board fence, looked over the top and said: 'By gum, Marse Yank, when Massa Lincum an' de blu' sojers makes us free, 'Ise gwine to slap Marse Joe jes as you did, to pay him fo' de lickings he done lay on me so many times. Den I reckon dar will be two boys he can't boss.'

"That evening when we started for our Virginia camp in a large carry-all, a party of young people accompanied us for a long distance on horseback.

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“They were a jolly lot and we exchanged jokes and witty sayings as we rode along with them on either side of our conveyance. At last it came time to say good night and good bye, and as we rode away there came wafted to us on the evening air the strains of ‘Maryland, My Maryland.’ ”

Governor Morgan's Pets

Governor Morgan's Pets

AFTER the first battle of Bull Run the war feeling was more intense than at any other time during the war. It was then that the best men of the country became aroused and offered their services to help redeem the disgrace that all felt had come to the North by the repulse of its troops on the first great battlefield of the war.

Among the multitudes of regiments, battalions and batteries that were hurriedly organized was one around which my memories and affections are centered, The Second New York Heavy Artillery.

The nucleus of the organization had been known as Letson's Light Artillery, and they went into camp at Camp Low, Staten Island, New York Harbor.

Recruiting for the organization had not been very successful and only from 250 to 300 men had been gotten together.

Then Jeremiah Palmer of Oriskany, N. Y., took the matter in charge and he was authorized by Governor Morgan to take this body of recruits,

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organize an Artillery regiment and become its Colonel.

He was a good man and took hold of the matter with energy, and soon succeeded in organizing a full regiment which was to be known as "Governor Morgan's Flying Artillery," and it was held out as an inducement to enlisting in the regiment that it was to be his particular favorite regiment, bearing his honored name. In fact it was to be his pride and pet.

How well I remember the flaming colored posters that were put out setting forth the grand opportunity that was offered young men to identify themselves with an organization that was to immortalize itself.

The regiment was to consist of twelve companies of 156 men each. To be armed with 100 light guns, 500 horses and all the paraphernalia of war.

Those attractive colored posters picturing the flying war horses with cannon scattering death and destruction from their muzzles doubtless lured many a young man from the quiet paths of peace, and there was no trouble in filling the regiment in a short time. Oneida and Herkimer Counties furnished several companies. Two or three came from New York City, and one was raised at Carthage in our own County by Captain Charles L. Smith.

This was the one with which the fortunes of war

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cast my lot; and I am more than proud to have been a member of such an organization, for in all the Union Armies there was not a braver, more intelligent or finer lot of young men. In their friendships, affections, loyalty to one another, as well as the Old Flag, they were as one large family and the Captain as a father.

As I sit in my home, so far away from those stirring times, I close my eyes and I see faces and forms that never grow old. I hear again the rich Celtic voice of our old orderly, Tom Murphy as he calls: "Adams, Anderson, Ames" and so on down the roll of names that ought to be emblazoned on a scroll of honor in the Temple of Fame.

When I say that the Carthage Company was selected as the Color Company of the regiment when we went to the front, it will mean more to the Veterans who read this, than to those who have come to manhood since those days, for it was a post of danger as well as of honor. But the colors of the 2d New York never fell into the hands of the enemy. They were brought back without dishonor, and what is left of the tattered flags of the regiment are sacredly cared for by the Oneida County Historical Society.

It was one of the Carthage Company who brought home one of the precious flags. He saved it from capture when the color bearer was killed in one of the great battles, and Robert

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Cline of old Company H seized the colors and carried them until the close of the war.

Comrade Cline is one of the few survivors of that company. They number less than the fingers of my two hands, and as one, I thank God for the privilege of paying a simple, honest tribute to my comrades of the days long gone.

The 2d New York was sent to Virginia in November, 1861 and instead of the war horses and light guns which had been pictured out so prettily on the recruiting hand-bills the men were given muskets and put in the front line of forts of the defenses south of the Potomac, garrisoning Forts Ward, Worth, Blenkner and Ellsworth.

There was some pretty hard kicking when it was announced that the regiment was to serve as Heavy Artillery instead of Governor Morgan's pet regiment of Flying Artillery.

One company did however receive their horses and field guns; were detached from the regiment and did good service as the 34th N. Y. Battery.

Captain Kitching who commanded it distinguished himself, was rapidly promoted until he became a General and commanded an artillery brigade in the Army of the Potomac.

It is worthy of mention that his artillery supported our regiment and others in the battle at Spottsylvania, May 19th, 1864; and many of the officers and men of the regiment hurriedly renewed an old acquaintance with the distinguished

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officer, as they marched past, where he sat on his horse watching the placing of the field guns.

The 2d New York settled down to the building of forts, learning all about the big guns as well as Infantry tactics.

In May 1862, Colonel Gustave Wagener was sent to take command of the regiment, Colonel Palmer remaining as lieutenant-colonel.

Colonel Wagener's conduct at the Second Bull Run was sharply criticized by the rank and file of the regiment, and he was relieved of his command, which gave great satisfaction to the men.

There had also been in 1862, a weeding out of some other officers of the regiment whose idiosyncrasies I have set forth elsewhere.

Readers of "Drum Taps in Dixie" will probably recall Major Roach "Old Quicker nor that" as the boys called him. Lieut. Tom. W— and his big rubber boots, whom the men dubbed "Spider;" as well as a lieutenant-colonel Burtnett who was requested to resign, and as he left camp was saluted with groans instead of cheers.

Colonel Wagener was succeeded by Colonel Milton Cogswell of the Regular Army. He was a fine officer, but was soon called to a more important command.

Again the regiment took up garrison duty in the forts around Arlington, and there came as our commander Colonel J. N. G. Whistler, a

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Regular army officer of the old school. He was a thorough drill-master, a strict disciplinarian and he gave the 2d New York such a dose of West Point that the regiment was often called the "2d Regulars." Col. Whistler was tall, straight as an arrow, and before his face was disfigured by small pox had been considered handsome. He was a fine figure on horseback and was

A FIGHTING COLONEL TOO.

Colonel Whistler took the regiment to the front when Gen. Grant assumed command, and he proved himself a good fighter as well as drill master.

The 2d Heavy under his leadership won its spurs in its first battle with the Army of the Potomac and was classed in "General Orders" as the "equal of the Veteran regiments."

While leading the regiment in the charge at Spottsylvania Colonel Whistler's horse was wounded, and at the assault of Petersburg Colonel Whistler was seriously wounded himself. He was breveted Brigadier General for gallantry and when he was recovered enough for active service was given command of a brigade.

After the battle of Spottsylvania the history of the 2d New York Heavy Artillery is interwoven with that of the First Brigade, First Division, Second Corps, in all that wonderful series of

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marches, counter-marches, battles, and hardships of Gen. Grant's army down to Petersburg.

Then followed the deadly assaults and the rapid harrassing movements to extend the lines on the left of the army. Then the brilliant and victorious campaign in 1865 that terminated at Appomattox where the last act of the great war drama was played.

The 2d New York, with the 2d Army Corps, fought in the last battle with the Confederate troops at Farmville, Va., April 7th, 1865.

The regiment was mustered out September 29th 1865, after four years of service. Besides the large numbers who were disabled and died of sickness as the result of hardships the regiment lost in killed, wounded and missing 841 men. These figures tell the story of their gallantry much more forcibly than my pen.

Jefferson County in the War for
the Union

Jefferson County in the War for the Union

NEARLY 6,000 of the sons of Jefferson County volunteered their services to their country between the years 1861-1865.

They did this that the Nation might live; that the government founded by our forefathers might continue to exist, that our flag might wave over a free people.

Have you memories going back to those stirring days when the boys in blue bravely marched away behind the wild music of war? Did you see them come home with thinned ranks bringing back the tattered battleflags? If you did you will agree with me that they deserve the beautiful soldiers' Monument that adorns our Public Square, telling in its silent language of the services rendered, and the heroic deeds of the sons of grand old Jefferson County in the war for the Union.

They deserve the beautiful monument that Mr. and Mrs. George Cook generously erected to their memory, but they deserve more. A history of their services should be written, and a glorious his-

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tory it would be, teeming with sacrifice, suffering and death.

We are striving in these strenuous days to gather a heritage for our children. Something to hand down from father to son. What a priceless heritage such a history would be half a century hence?

Oh, for the ability and the time to tell of the boys in blue from Jefferson County. Their leaving of home and loved ones. The hard marches, the great battles, the heroic deeds, the sad burial of their brothers and neighbors in the long trenches on the fields, and all along the way from start to finish the lone, nameless graves. Only God knows where some of them sleep.

I cannot resist the temptation, however, to briefly refer before closing this volume to the Boys of 61, from Jefferson County.

35TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

Recruiting for the 35th New York commenced before the guns of Sumter had hardly cooled off. The regiment was known as the "Jefferson County regiment"; was organized at Elmira and was sent to Virginia in July, 1861.

The regiment cut away much of the timber south of the Arlington House and assisted in building some of the forts in that vicinity.

It served under Generals McDowell and Pope during the summer of 1862 in the campaign

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around Culpepper and Warrenton. There were long, weary marches and many skirmishes. The regiment was in the battles at Warrenton Springs and Gainesville and bore an honorable part in the great, historic battle known as the Second Bull Run.

The regiment went over into Maryland with Gen. McClellan's army and fought at South Mountain and the bloody battle of Antietam, capturing in the latter engagement the battle flag of an Alabama regiment.

In the December following it took part in the battle of Fredericksburg and suffered severe losses.

The regiment had only enlisted for two years and they were sent home before the active operations of 1863 began.

94TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

The old 94th was another regiment that saw hard service. They were a three years' regiment, and were organized at the historic little village of Sackets Harbor which was the seat of war in the contest of 1812, and where so many have learned their first lessons in war.

Colonel Walter B. Camp, an honored and patriotic gentleman, residing at Sackets Harbor was instrumental in securing permission to use Madison Barracks as a depot for the organization of volunteers and Mr. Camp was appointed Commandant of the place, with the rank of Colonel.

A Drum's Story

Colonel Camp took a deep interest in the organization of the 94th and after the regiment had gone to Virginia he was the bearer of a beautiful stand of colors to them as a gift from the ladies of Jefferson County.

The 94th saw active service until the close of hostilities, participating in some of the greatest battles of the war, such as the Second Bull Run, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Petersburg, and many others of less importance, in all of which they acquitted themselves with honor. Their list of killed, wounded and missing tells that they were where the bullets flew thick and fast.

10TH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY.

The 10th New York Heavy Artillery was, probably, a more distinctively Jefferson County regiment than any other, and right well did they represent in the rank and file the best intelligence, manhood and patriotism of the county.

The 10th New York Heavy Artillery has been referred to as the lucky regiment from Jefferson County. It was organized in September, 1862, and performed garrison duty in the defenses east of Washington until the summer of 1864, when it was ordered to the front. It joined the army at Cold Harbor at about the time Grant was preparing to transfer operations to Petersburg and Bermuda Hundred.

The 10th heavy was sent around by water from

And Other Tales

White House Landing, while most of the army made a forced march across country.

The regiment participated in the first fighting at Petersburg. Later they were returned to the defenses of Washington where they remained until Gen. Early's army was driven out of Maryland, when they were ordered to join Gen. Sheridan's forces in the Shenandoah valley. They were a fine body of men, well officered, well drilled, and under perfect discipline, which probably accounted for their being such favorites with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton.

Fox's work places their number of killed and died of wounds as 47.

5TH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY.

Jefferson County furnished quite a good many men to the above regiment, although it was largely recruited in Lewis County. The regiment for a long time was divided into battalions, one doing garrison duty in the defenses of Washington until 1863, when it joined the balance of the regiment at Harper's Ferry.

The official record places their loss in killed and died of wounds as 90.

THE 186TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

The 186th was organized at Sackets Harbor in the fall of 1864. It was principally recruited

A Drum's Story

in Jefferson County, although little Lewis as well as St. Lawrence and Oswego contributed quite a number of men.

Bradley Winslow, who had been an officer in the 35th New York was made Colonel of the 186th. The regiment was mustered into service in September 1864 and was in an engagement on the South Side railroad near Petersburg the latter part of the month following.

They spent the winter in the trenches listening to the whistling minies and shrieking shells that passed over their heads day after day and night after night.

The 186th greatly distinguished itself in the assault and capture of Fort Mahone when Petersburg was captured, and its gallant commander was seriously wounded while leading his men.

The losses of the 186th in killed and wounded were about 130.

20TH NEW YORK CAVALRY.

The McClellan Cavalry as it was called was mustered into service for three years at Sackets Harbor in 1863. Its membership was largely from Jefferson County, although Lewis, St. Lawrence and Oswego contributed scores of members.

Many of the men were Veterans having seen service in the 35th Infantry and other regiments, and were a fine body of soldiers. They were called

And Other Tales

the "McClellan Cavalry" in honor of General Geo. B. McClellan for whom the old soldiers had such an affection. The services of the 20th Cavalry, were I believe largely made up of scouting expeditions, although they joined the army before Richmond in time to participate in its capture.

FIRST NEW YORK LIGHT ARTILLERY.

Was a regiment that saw much hard service from the beginning to the end, and was largely recruited in Jefferson, Lewis and St. Lawrence Counties. It was mustered into service at Elmira in the fall of 1861 and from there was sent to Camp Barry, Washington, where it was equipped with horses and field guns and instructed in the light artillery arm of service. A gentleman of Lowville distinguished as a soldier and jurist, Col. Henry E. Turner was active in the organizing, drilling and preparing the 1st Light Artillery for the hard service that they were soon initiated into, for several of the batteries went with McClellan to the Peninsula and fought in the great battles before Richmond in 1862.

Everybody who has read War history will recall the names of such artillery officers as Joseph Spratt, Charles Mink, Captain Geo. B. Winslow, Thomas Osborn, Almont Barnes, (both of the latter as well as Major Mink old Carthage boys), and many others connected with the different batteries of the 1st New York Light Artillery whose

A Drum's Story

guns thundered at Yorktown, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Cold Harbor, in fact in all of the famous battles of the war some of the hard fighting batteries of the 1st New York were present and distinguished themselves.

Besides the organizations mentioned old Jefferson County furnished many soldiers for other commands raised in adjoining counties and other parts of the State.

Taps.*

Across the lake the Barracks wavering light
The bugle-call, then darkness—
So, Good night.

Sleep with the wave sounds lapping in your ears,
Sleep, till along the sky the dawn appears
And sounds the Reveillé at morning light.
But now—Good night!

Out through the sally-port the soldiers bear
A comrade, to the couch that waits him there
Its hangings with the Stars and Stripes alight.
Lights out. Good night!

Across the grave the trumpeters last call.
Across far hearts the shadow that must fall
God grant, beyond the gloom they watch for light.
But now—Good night!

Father of Love, we are thy children all
Thou knowest when we walk, and why we fall.
Thy Love leads through the dark, and to the light.
So, peace. Good night.

Oh Reveillé, oh glorious Reveillé
When thou shalt break across the Eternal sea,
Then shall we read the dark, the winter's blight.
So trust. Good night.

Across the quiet lake the Barracks light.
The trumpeter's long call—
Lights out. Good night!

*Phila Butler Bowman in *Scribner's*. Mrs. Bowman, the author of *Reveille* and *Taps*, is a daughter of Capt. James J. Butler, a veteran of the Civil and Mexican wars. Capt. Butler was a drummer boy in the Mexican war at the age of fourteen years, and was the fourth to set foot on the soil of Mexico, after the declaration of war, the first being Capt. Albert S. Miller, the second a soldier named Knight, and the third Lieut. Michael Keefe, at the time a fifer, and the chum of Capt. Butler.



What Some of the Readers and Critics Thought of "Drum Taps in Dixie."

A BOSTON CRITICISM.

WHAT HENRY HAYNIE HAS TO SAY IN THE BOSTON TIMES
OF D. S. MILLER'S "DRUM TAPS IN DIXIE."

D. S. Miller has written and published a book, and it is a book which should appeal not only to the veterans of the war of the Rebellion, but to every man and woman in the land who is interested in the doings of the "old boys" away back yonder in the early sixties. Mr. Miller's book is entitled "Drum Taps in Dixie." It is a record of some few of the many thrilling and important events which occurred, "Away down Souf in Dixie" forty odd years ago. * * * * *

Men who played the fifes and lads who beat the drums were just as necessary as those who carried Springfield rifles or glittering blades in the days when boys became men of might in a single night. And many was the time when the youngsters displayed as much endurance, and showed as much bravery as their older comrades, on the long marches and on the battlefields, during that terrible war. In Comrade Miller's company was an Irishman named Jimmy West "who could never keep step." Upon my word there was the like of him in my own company. Short and thick, quick to anger and afraid of no man or anything under the sky, was Private Tansey, but, do all we could, he was never able to catch the step, or keep it if his feet were rightly placed. Finally he was made the regimental blacksmith, and after that it was he and Grant who put down the Rebellion. * * * * *

These stories of a drummer boy's memories are delightfully pleasing, and they are "the real stuff." Mark Twain once said that "the trouble with old men is they remember so many things that ain't so," but this book of war reminiscences is different from most of Twain's reminiscences.

FROM HON. CHARLES R. SKINNER.

Every schoolboy interested in the history of his country will enjoy the fascinating story of a drummer boy, "Drum Taps in Dixie," written by himself—describing his stirring experiences during the Civil War. The book will also appeal to the general reader, whether a veteran or not, and has an interest as attractive as the best fiction. It is written in a frank, simple, straightforward style. The writer's personality appears all through its pages, and will be read with profit by all who enjoy spirited stories of active, exciting and varied army life. The book is unique, and will be classed among the very best of Civil War stories. The "Drummer Boy" has grown into an active citizen of the country he served, an honorable business man with the same rare qualities of head and heart. His story is a valuable contribution to the historic literature of our times. If our schools seek to teach the best patriotism as they should, this book deserves a place in every school library. It sets up a high standard which our children may well follow.

Charles R. Skinner,
Ex. Supt. Public Instruction,
State of New York.

Among the deluge of Civil War narratives "Drum Taps in Dixie" stands out with the sharpness and life of a cinematograph picture. From cover to cover, the book holds the reader's interest; in every line and on every page a living picture of the great Civil War flashes forth. The hardships of the campaigns are treated with the lightness of youth and the writer's mature years have enabled him to give those touches of pathos which render "Drum Taps in Dixie" a volume which no one should willingly be without.—*Army and Navy Life*.

"Drum Taps in Dixie" is one of the best books on the Civil War that has ever been written.—*The Southern Star, Atlanta, Ga.*

There could be no more enthusiastic laudator temporis acti than Mr. Miller who must be one of the youngest of those who saw the whole of the great struggle.

Springfield Republican.

FROM THE SOUTHERN HISTORY ASSOCIATION,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The writer of this interesting volume of reminiscences was 13 years old when he enlisted as a drummer boy in a New York heavy artillery regiment. His father was a sergeant in the same company. Fortunately there is no attempt made to discuss strategy or politics, or to settle controversies (there is not a controversial sentence in the book) but there is a straightforward account of army life as seen by the rank and file. And the memoirs are the more vivid and relation the clearer because the writer was a young boy when undergoing the experiences related. The battles are described, not as they have been written up by the commanders, but as they were seen by the drummer boys who were held in the rear to keep them out of unnecessary danger and for the purpose of helping the surgeons with the wounded. The account is packed full of short, crisp anecdotes and sketches of interesting incidents; dress parades, marches in the mud, capture or loss of supply trains, acts of heroism on both sides, and all the thousand and one things that go to make up a soldier's life.

The drummer boy's favorite leaders were McClellan and Hancock, his regiment belonging to Hancock's famous Second Corps. The characterization of the regimental officers during the first years of the war discloses a state of affairs that explains in some degree the lack of success of the Federals. Some queer characters reached responsible positions. After telling how the Confederates were run to bay at Appomattox the book closes with the grand review in Washington and the immediate muster-out in New York.

Mr. Miller writes in the best of temper. There is now,—there seems to have been then,—no bitterness nor personal harsh feelings, but only respect for a brave enemy and generosity for a defeated one. There is a natural pride in victory but no exaltation over a crushed people. In this respect these memoirs are superior to any others that the reviewer has read. May the tribe of Miller increase?

These memories of a drummer boy are delightfully realistic and will give pleasure not only to those who went to the front, but all who would familiarize themselves with such details of the war story as may bring out its personal side.—*Utica Observer*.

116 W. 129th St., New York,
May 7, 1906.

Mr. Delavan S. Miller,

My Dear Sir and Comrade:

I visited our Loyal Legion headquarters last week and my attention was called to the book, "Drum Taps in Dixie," of which you are the author.

The imprint of the Second Corps badge on the cover attracted me, and as for over forty years I had read everything in which that grand old corps was particularly mentioned, I receipted for "Drum Taps" and took it home.

I served in the corps from its organization until its muster out.

What a coterie of boyish, dashing commanders the 2d corps at that time had, Miles, Barlow, Brooke, Zook, Smyth, Carroll and the rest. There was not their superiors in the army and none knew it better than Gen. Hancock himself.

It is indeed easy for me to endorse your estimate of the grand old second corps, and is it any wonder then that I read with deep interest such an admirable contribution to our literature as this work of yours? I do not hesitate to pronounce it the best thing of the kind that has fallen into my hands, and it is because I want to thank you that I write this.

I can unqualifiedly commend the fidelity of your narration of events.

The stories are capital and captivating and all in all it certainly is far and away the most interesting book I've found in many a day.

It was a happy thought that prompted this book of yours and it should pass through several editions. Permit me to again assure you the extreme pleasure your book has afforded me. I am,

Very truly your friend,

Theron E. Parsons,

Formerly Asst. Adjt. Gen., 2d Brig., 3d Div., 2d Army Corps.

Within and without, "Drum Taps in Dixie" is mighty attractive. I know of no other book similar to it, nor in just its way, comparable to it. Every young person should read it for its pictures of perilous days. Every old soldier, for the memories it awakens.

William K. Wickes,
Principal, Syracuse High School.

A TRIBUTE FROM GEN. FREDERICK D. GRANT

Governor's Island, New York,
June 16, 1908.

My dear Mr. Miller,

I write to thank you for your book "Drum Taps in Dixie."

I have gone through it, reading many most interesting articles.

I greatly appreciate your thought in sending your boyhood story to me, and it reminds me of my own experience. I accompanied my father in the great struggle 1861-5 and was in five great battles before I was 13 years old.

Thanking you again for sending me this most interesting book, believe me with great gratitude,

Yours most sincerely,

Frederick D. Grant.

P. S. You speak very prettily of my father in the book which I appreciate.

F. D. G.

Department of Agriculture,

Washin., D. C.,

Sept. 16, 1906.

Delavan S. Miller,

My dear Comrade:

I have recently finished reading your Drum Taps. It has given me peculiar pleasure, because of the scenes and incidents it depicts, and because I knew some of the men of the old Second, particularly Capt. Smith. I saw your regiment come on the field at the Harris House on the Fredericksburg road, and spoke with Capt. Smith as he went forward into position, but as I was in the Fifth Corps, did not meet any of your men again until after the war. I got Capt. S. by request, his consulate in Russia, the Amoor River. I write you these things because I think they will interest you, because you supported my guns at Spottsylvania, and Smith was your captain of whom you speak justly well, and because you have written one of the best and truest books about the army and the war. Shake!

Yours fraternally,

Almont Barnes,

Late Capt. Battery C. 1st N. Y. Arty.

Delavan S. Miller of Watertown, has sent to the Rochesterian a copy of his book, "Drum Taps in Dixie; Memoirs of a Drummer Boy; 1861-1865;" and the reading of such bright, personal sketches has been a great pleasure. Mr. Miller's father went to the front in the fall of 1861; the motherless boy went to join him in March, 1862, when 13 years old; and then became a drummer boy for the regiment, afterwards the Second New York Heavy Artillery. A chance meeting with an old comrade set him to writing out some of his war memories; and when he began they came thick and fast; for on the mind of a boy, leaving a village home for the battlefield, the incidents of the great war made a vivid impression. Mr. Miller is an active and successful business man in Watertown; and he has written these reminiscences, at spare moments, merely for delight in the labor, and he deprecates literary criticism. Whether he is open to censure for any defects in mere style the Rochesterian cannot really say; for he has been so charmed with the sincerity, the reality, the vividness, and the effectiveness of the sketches, that he has not thought of littler things. The author has given us a revelation of eager boyishness in himself, of the old village life of the State, of the incidents of camp, march and battle, and the characters of the men with whom his lot was cast for four years of war; and in acknowledging so much pleasure in what he has written, one loses all thought of criticism. The sketches are realistic, for they stand for actual experience; but they are artistic, for they suggest the noble as well as the sordid elements in the daily life of the armies of the country, and the comrades, however rough or coarse, who had in them flashes of desperate courage, self-sacrifice, and high sentiment are lovingly described and interpreted. This is not to idealize humanity, but in a higher sense to realize it.

Of course the sketches are somewhat random in their character; and possibly it may be that for readers in utter ignorance of the Civil War they may fail in fullness of detail and information, but to those who know something of that great era, the quality of suggestiveness is enough.—*The Rochester Post Express*.

"A book of Civil War reminiscences, when whole libraries of such material are available, must possess something distinctive to have it attract attention. Of such a quality 'Drum Taps in Dixie' by Delavan S. Miller, may boast."—*Newark Evening News of New Jersey*.

A RETIRED ARMY OFFICER WRITES:

I knew your "Fighting Colonel" and am pleased to learn that he was well thought of by his volunteer command. Col. Whistler came of a fighting family. His father and grandfather were soldiers before him, and Colonel Garland N. Whistler of the regular army is a son of your old Colonel. In his younger days Whistler was one of the handsomest officers of the army and was known as beau Whistler because of his beauty. He stood 6 feet 3 inches in his stockings and was as straight as an arrow, * * * *

Judge Turner of Lowville, a former colonel of the 1st N. Y. Artillery, writes:

My dear comrade:

You cannot imagine with what pleasure I have read your most admirable work, nor how it has stirred emotions of mirth as well as of sadness.

The perusal of the book has been delightful and interesting.

In all sincerity I must beg you to accept my compliments for the ability and literary merits of your work and hope to read more of your sketches.

Very truly yours,

Henry E. Turner.

I have read the narrative with interest and with more pleasure than I have usually been able to get out of more pretentious works professing to deal with the incidents of the great struggle.

You take us back to real camps and among real soldiers, and make us live over again those fateful years as they were.

Your veteran comrades will appreciate and enjoy your work; their sons and all patriotic citizens who know how much was at stake in that struggle should be equally interested and profited.

Faternally,

Gen. S. S. Burdett,

Past Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R.

A TRIBUTE FROM GEN. N. M. CURTIS .

HERO OF FORT FISHER AND AUTHOR OF "FROM BULL RUN
TO CHANCELLORSVILLE."

Mr. Delavan S. Miller,
Watertown, New York.

My dear Comrade:

I have read "Drum Taps in Dixie" with great pleasure, a pleasure greater than I have derived from many of our most popular novels. It would be a great benefit to the readers of modern fiction if they would read books like yours, instead of the multitude which consists of language without a single fact or any purpose except that of killing time.

"Drum Taps in Dixie" deserves the widest circulation. It will interest the survivors of our Civil War of whatever army whether they wore the blue or the gray, and acquaint those who come after us with the knowledge of that spirit of comradeship, devotion and valor which inspired the men who fought from 1861 to 1865. Your book is to be especially commended for that liberal and generous spirit which rises above the bitterness engendered in "war days" to that broad Americanism which should fill the hearts of all our countrymen throughout the united and indissoluble republic.

Sincerely yours,

N. M. Curtis.

Roswell P. Flower Memorial Library,
Watertown, N. Y.

We have in our Library several copies of your book "Drum Taps in Dixie," and they are constantly in circulation. The book is so full of life and interest, so picturesque and vivid in its descriptions, so true in its narratives, so touching in its pathos and humor, that it is easily the best book of its kind. You were a boy when you were a soldier, and you saw and heard the things you describe at a time when impressions are deep, vivid and permanent. Every G. A. R. man should have a copy for himself and children, and every boy in gray should be glad to read your thrilling pages and pass the book on

S. A. Hayt,

Librarian.

CORPORAL TANNER'S APPRECIATION

D. S. Miller,
Watertown, N. Y.

My dear Comrade:

I write to express, even though in a faint degree, the pleasure I have experienced from perusing your admirable little volume entitled "Drum Taps in Dixie."

I have some fifteen hundred volumes and pamphlets on the subject of the Civil War, and I can honestly assure you that among those that treat of the detailed experience of the soldier your volume stands away up in the front ranks.

The story is modestly and charmingly told, possessing special interest, of course, to those who served, but I can easily imagine that any intelligent person, young or old, can become greatly interested by perusing it. It deserves a very wide circulation and I sincerely trust it will have it.

Cordially yours, in F. C. and L.,

James Tanner.

Past Commander-in-Chief G. A. R.

Delavan S. Miller, of Watertown, was but 12 years old when Sumter was fired on, and his book of war sketches, "Drum Taps in Dixie" (Hungerford-Holbrook Company), owes much to that fact. What happens when one is 12 makes a mark which stays, even though life be nothing more than square meals, arithmetic, leap frog and spelling lessons. At 12 the curtain has just gone up for the first time and the characters in the great drama have but now stepped forth upon the stage.

That freshness of vision never comes again. Never again will passing events stamp themselves so vividly upon the mind. What must have been the impression upon the drummer boy from the village of Carthage for whom the curtain rose on Bull Run and the memorable scenes of whose early life were Cold Harbor, Petersburg and Appomattox? It is not strange that Mr. Miller is able to place before us forty-four years after a remarkable picture of war.

Syracuse Post Standard.

From the Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer:

"Drum Taps in Dixie," by Delavan S. Miller, is a book of reminiscences of our Civil War. Though the writer gives some statistics of the events in which he took part, he makes no attempt to encroach upon the domain of the historian; he does much better—he tells of the incidents of camp and field which the historians have ignored. Only one who lived through the scenes can depict them as they are here treated, and some of the movements and battles are very vividly and very correctly described. The author's father enlisted early in the war, from Watertown, N. Y., and soon after, when an officer was sent back to recruit, the motherless boy induced him to take him to his father in the field. The army needing drummers, they made a drummer boy of him, and a drummer boy he remained till he beat "Taps" after Lee's surrender at Appomattox, seeing more of the war than most of the men and many of the junior officers. He seems to have remembered it all—the fun and escapades, as well as the privations, and fearful scenes and incidents of the battles and of the field hospitals. The book is all the more valuable because the author makes no pretensions to literary elegance, but in relating his anecdotes of valor and humor and pathos he is scrupulously careful to be truthful. Every old soldier, and most of the children and grandchildren, will read the reminiscences with thrills of interest, not unmixed with smiles and tears. \$1.00 (Watertown, N. Y.; *Hungerford-Holbrook Co.*)

Port Leydon, N. Y.,

March 15, 1906.

Delavan S. Miller,

Dear Comrade:—

I beg to extend congratulations on your "Drum Taps in Dixie."

It can certainly be appreciated by one who served three years at the front and a large portion of the time in the Army of the Potomac.

I am more than pleased with it.

Yours fraternally,

John S. Koster,

Past Dept. Commander, G. A. R. of New York.

TRIBUTE FROM ANOTHER PAST COMMANDER-IN-
CHIEF OF THE G. A. R.

Zanesville, Ohio,
Sept. 20, 1906.

My dear Comrade Miller:—

I deeply appreciate your courteous favor of the 18th and a copy of your book which reached me the next mail.

“Drum Taps in Dixie!” What a delightful and suggestive title!

I shall read the book with, I am sure, great interest. From these individual histories the story of the great Rebellion is yet to be written. Blessings on the comrades who have taken the trouble and time to put into permanent form what they know of the mighty contest for Constitutional Government.

* * * * *

Very cordially in F. C. & L.,

R. B. Brown.

COL. M. R. SACKET IN THE NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

Northern New York did more than its share in sending men to the front back in the sixties. No counties of the state were sooner in line with volunteers than were Jefferson and St. Lawrence. While this is true, the same counties have not done so much to make permanent the record of the great war. The literary contributions from this section have been for the most part small and fragmentary. We recall only one writer from this section who has produced a bound volume heretofore, and as he has long been a resident elsewhere, his work can not be counted. It has remained for Delavan S. Miller, of Watertown, to explore this field with a book. This he has done in a work entitled “Drum Taps in Dixie.” Mr. Miller is a well-known business man of Watertown who found time from exacting cares to write his war time experiences. His foreword states how the work came to be written, gives somewhat of its life history, a proper thing for a foreword to do. The author begs the reader to be gentle in criticism, claiming no literary skill. When one has a story to tell and tells it in a straightforward manner he need not worry about literary form.

The book physical, comprises some 256 pages, the type

is fair and easy for the dimming eyes of the old comrades—and how fast they are dimming! The writer was a member of the Second New York Heavy Artillery, and went to the front with others from the village of Carthage in the spring of '62. His father had gone the year before, almost the first from the town to hear Lincoln's call for volunteers. The author was a motherless boy of thirteen years when he left home, and not too big for his age.

The book makes emphatic some important matters which the present generations can only understand academically—first, the spontaneous and wonderful wave of war ardor which sprang into sight with the attack on Sumter; another, the sharp division, the cleavage in sentiment which the opening of hostilities forced at the north; another, the great unpreparedness of the north for war; another, the extreme youthfulness of the recruits sent out; still another, the lack during the initial years of the Rebellion of competent leaders in the field.

The author's fate was cast with the army of the Potomac. He had no service in the west or the extreme south. His story follows the fortune of the 2nd H'vy through those campaigns in which the army of the Potomac played such a part—Bull Run, Cold Harbor and all the rest until Appomattox closed the drama.

The work abounds in personal touches, little incidents of camp and march and battle, personal friendships and queer characters gotten together under the same tent. The reader can well understand after a reading of the book the comradeship of the boys and why it endures.

It was frolic one day and fighting and dying the next and but for the fun where could have been found the heartening for the terrific fighting to follow. Pat Devereaux and Dennis Garrity, we suppose, had their fellows in every regiment which went to the front. We give Drum Taps our commendation. It is a wholesome, clean telling of a wonderful story. It will be read by the comrades and ought to be read by the boys of the present for the tale and its moral needs to be learned and well learned. If the foundations of the republic are to remain for another hundred years, the present time boy of thirteen needs to develop the same sort of love of country, that same devotion to duty, that same spirit of self-sacrifice which sent the thirteen year old Miller lad of Carthage, and thousands like him from all over this northland, south at Lincoln's call, for the sublime sacrifices of the sixties do not guarantee immunity from others. The picket must be ever on guard if the camp is to be safe.

DESERVES A PLACE AMONG THE HISTORIES OF THE WAR.

My dear Comrade Miller:—

I have read "Drum Taps in Dixie," with surpassing interest.

You have written a book that deserves and will find a place among the histories of the great war, that is likely to be permanent.

I am very, very glad to be able to place it upon my shelves where war books have been accumulating since the year 1865.

Yours Fraternally,

Horace D. Ellsworth,

Late Maj. 11th N. Y. Cavalry.

Canton, N. Y., Apr. 16, 1906.

MEMORIES OF A SECOND HEAVY OFFICER REVIVED.

New York City, N. Y.,

Delavan S. Miller,

April 11th, 1908.

My dear Comrade:—

Your book, "Drum Taps in Dixie," has brought back to me memories of the long ago that the busy life of this great city had, I thought, banished forever.

Your pen pictures of the old forts and camps, Arlington, the Aqueduct bridge, incidents of marches and battle scenes; the names of the officers, Col. Whistler, Col. Palmer, Major Roach, Adjutant Lawrence, Captains Smith, Barry, O'Brien and others, make it seem but yesterday since I heard Gracey's bugle calls; and I see again the faces of many of the boys pass in review as they appeared in 62-3. Ah, if I could but brush some of the cob webs away I would be able to call the roll of the old Second, so many of whom gave the full measure of their devotion to the Union.

* * * * *

I thank you for recalling to me the memories of those days which I thought had gone beyond recall; yet how vividly it all appears before me now.

With kindest regards, believe me, your old comrade in arms.

Albert E. Scott,

1st Lieut., Co. B, 2nd N. Y. H. Art.

Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Miller:

I enclose check for book, and congratulate you on doing it so well.

Yours truly,

W. H. Moore.

Lyons Falls, N. Y.,

My dear Miller:—

I am well pleased with "Drum Taps." Am reading every word of the book and I say frankly that I am more than interested. "Phil" always said that you were a good one, and I can now see for myself that you are. With best wishes.

Yours very truly,

J. H. Williams.

D. S. Miller,

Dear friend:—

I have read your reminiscences of the Civil War with great pleasure. Have read many books of the kind. Some written by men of much literary fame. Of all yours is the most interesting it has been my pleasure to read. Your wife, children, friends and yourself may well feel an honest pride in your effort. Hoping your book will realize for you the handsome sum it so richly deserves, I remain sincerely yours,

R. F. Neary.

A lady writes:

I enjoyed Mr. Miller's reminiscences as they were published in the Times. But, collected and arranged in book form, they are really fascinating. I could not bear to put the book down until I had finished it. Some of the sad parts made me feel bad to think that a little boy should have seen so much suffering. I look at other 13 year old boys and wonder what they would do in such experiences. If I knew him I would feel like writing to him and thank him for having written such a vivid account of his four years' tramp through that terrible war. * * * *

FROM A COMRADE OF THE SECOND HEAVY,

Fort Plain, N. Y.

Tell comrade Miller that I was at that last dress parade too. He tells things just as they happened. It is like a visit with one of the old boys. Geo. Gracey, the bugler, and Pete Boyle, whom he writes about, were both members of my company. * * * * *

E. H. Roorbach.

Ilion, N. Y.,

"Drum Taps" came to hand all safe. Truly it is one of the most interesting book that I have read in many a day. I read it through at two sittings. It has brought back memories to "Uncle Tom," of what really happened. And Mr. Miller ought to congratulate himself on having such an opinion passed on his undertaking. * * * *

Wells, Fargo & Company,
51 Broadway, N. Y.

I received an advertisement of the book "Drum Taps in Dixie," the author being an old and respected friend. I took pleasure in adding it to our library. Since it was purchased it has been read by a number of our employees and among them quite a few who took part in that terrible struggle and readily recognized the scenes as portrayed by you, and while all of them not only tramped over the ground but have read many histories of it, they say that yours was the most interesting book they have ever read and they wanted me to congratulate you upon your efforts.

Yours truly,

F. J. Hickey,
Gen. Agt., Wells Fargo Ex. Co.

What the author of The Trail of the Grand Seigneur, Mickey, etc., thinks of "Drum Taps:"

"I am not surprised that your book is meeting with such success. Human interest is always a compelling lever, and it is strong in 'Drum Taps' moving the layman as well as the veteran."

Olin L. Lyman.

My Dear friend Miller:—

I wish to thank you for the delightful treats you gave us in providing your memories of a drummer boy. I have read much about the war, by Generals in both Armies, as well as many authors of note. But "Drum Taps" takes us through the every day life, camp life and the little things that we do not get elsewhere, but are so entertaining and delightful. I could scarcely lay the book down till I had completed it.

I am sure it will be largely read.

Your friend,

E. H. Thompson.

A. T. E. Lansing says:

I agree with Pat Devereaux that you galloped over the incidents too lively. There was as he says, a "good bit doin,'" and you could have made your book twice as large without wearying me.

Dear Comrade:—

I have read with great interest your book "Drum Taps in Dixie." It ought to be read by every old soldier that is still "this side of the river," and for that matter all those that are interested in what "the boys" did in the greatest struggle of any time.

Every page is full of interest and though I was not a "dough boy"—being in the cavalry—it takes me back to the old times, and I can even smell the coffee and salt horse we used to have, and taste the hard tack we used to break our teeth on.

It must be a great satisfaction to you to be able to write such a book—if there were more of the plain soldiers that could, historians of the future would have a better understanding of the War of '61-'65, for it was "the man behind the gun" that won those battles.

We were busy, weren't we? The Johnnies kept us so.

S. D. Kimball,

Cashier, St. Law. Co. Bank.

Canton, N. Y.

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